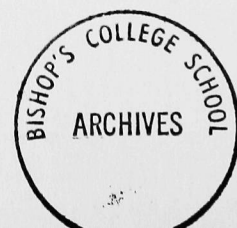


KING'S HALL

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1 9 3 9



Their Majesties

KING GEORGE VI AND QUEEN ELIZABETH

THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT TO MONTREAL

For the first time in history, a reigning King has come to Canada, and every Canadian has been looking forward to Their Majesties' visit.

They sailed from England on the "Empress of Australia", and landed at Quebec. They were two days late, on account of fog and other difficulties, so they were unable to arrive in Montreal until the eighteenth of May.

I woke up early on the morning of the arrival of the King and Queen. It was a beautiful day; the sun was shining, there was a cool breeze and no clouds in the sky.

As I stood watching the people passing in the streets, I could see a sort of excitement among them. Several people had brought stools, and were sitting on the edge of the sidewalk at about ten o'clock, eager to obtain a good view of the King and Queen.

Looking around, I could see all the houses decorated with flags, and red, white and blue bunting; every house had a Union Jack as well. The route of the Royal Procession was marked by painted shields of the different counties in England, which added to the effect, and made it more beautiful.

In the afternoon, troops were marching past, and they all had a place to stand forming an endless line along the edge of the road. Soldiers, sailors, cadets, Boy Scouts and Girl Guides all helped to line the streets.

There was a great commotion among the crowd. Several police on their motor-cycles passed, then a car with the Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King, the Mayor of Montreal and other notable people. At last came the King and the Queen. Cheers arose from the crowds. The King was in his naval uniform; the Queen in a pale blue dress. She looked very charming as she waved to the people. They went past so quickly, and the people were so struck by the wonder of Their Majesties and the simplicity of them, that they hardly noticed them in so short a time, and wished they would come back.

Their Majesties passed us by twice, and on

their return from the Chalet on Mount Royal they were escorted by the Duke of York's Seventeenth Royal Canadian Hussars, who were mounted on black horses, and added to the colour with their black and yellow uniforms. Behind the King and Queen were several "Mounties", and then various well-known people of Montreal followed in closed cars.

In the evening I went down to the Sun Life building to see the King and Queen come out on the balcony of the Windsor Hotel, before the banquet.

There were crowds down below us in the square and when the King and Queen appeared on the balcony, the people shouted and waved. A few pigeons were flying about the hotel, and a beautiful white one passed near the balcony on which the King and Queen stood. It looked almost as if they had been trained to fly there.

Down below in the square there were large boxes with spot-lights in them, which shone on Their Majesties when they came out to see the crowd. All the trees were lit up by these lights; but there was one thing which impressed me above all, apart from the King and Queen.

The sky was a deep blue, and the Royal Standard was flying over the Windsor Hotel. There was a spotlight on it, which showed up the Standard, and it looked just as though it were floating in the same place, with the dark sky behind it. I shall never forget that sight . . . it was so beautiful; nor will anyone else who has seen it.

The crowds were still cheering, and calling for the King. Mr. Mackenzie King came out on the balcony and asked the crowds to sing *God Save the King* and then Their Majesties came out on the balcony a second time. As soon as they went in, they were called out again by the shouts of the people.

They left Windsor Station at about eleven o'clock, and Park Avenue and Westmount Stations were crowded with people eager to have a last view of their King and Queen as they left Montreal to continue their journey across Canada.

JOAN STANGER, VIA.

Editorial

An Editorial is rather like the Annual Report read at a firm's public dinner . . . it is felt to be fitting, and even necessary, but everyone is naturally more interested in the good things on the table. We hope our guests will enjoy the menu prepared for them in the following pages; in the meantime here follows the Annual Report.

A year which began with a major political crisis and ended with the visit of the King and Queen to Canada can hardly be described as uneventful, and in between these happenings plenty has been going on, as a glance at the School Calendar will show.

The weather has provided far more than the usual conversational opening. Snow which arrived almost too late for Christmas; a Spring thaw which seemed likely never to arrive at all; a gale which blew the trees down; floods which washed the roads out and left us marooned; finally, fog and icebergs which delayed the Royal liner, and kept King's Hall (not to mention all the rest of Canada) in a fever of uncertainty for three days . . . all these have effectively prevented our forgetting the weather for long.

Within the School itself we have had our own excitements. During the Easter term plaster casts became fashionable wear, and the wheelchair a favourite mode of conveyance; but the disappearance of these coincided with the end of the skiing season, and all the patients are now literally "on their feet again".

More pleasant to record is something amounting almost to an epidemic of matrimony among the Staff.

Miss Ruth Patterson was married in Montreal on April 22nd, to Mr. Donald Stewart.

Miss Daphne Sampson is to be married in Ottawa on June 28th to Mr. Arthur Amyand Victor Waterfield, who is on the staff of Ashbury College.

Miss Maie De Witt is to be married at Wolfville in August to Mr. George Gay.

All these take with them our very warmest wishes for their future happiness. We shall miss them greatly.

After congratulations, apologies and thanks. The apology is due to Pam Merrill, whose cover design was ascribed in our last issue to Phoebe Ann Freeman. The thanks go to an energetic and helpful committee, and to all those who have kindly sent us advertisements. The writers and artists deserve a word of praise likewise. Not only was the number of contributions sent in greater this year than last, but the general standard was higher, and a far smaller proportion found a grave in the Editorial Waste Paper Basket.

This is a topsy-turvy banquet. We have had the Annual Report and the Royal Toast already.

Now for the first course !

"To first and last, a hearty welcome".

Editor.



SENIORS

THE RIVER

He stood on the river's banks now, and listened to its whisperings. It was probably telling the story of his life; what a life it had been. He had been so happy; but happiness never lasted, and his had gone. The river had stolen it from him; it had always been his friend, but it had stolen his happiness.

One morning in early spring he had been forced to go to town, to do some business, and to pay the last instalment on his farm. He had been so happy that day, for from then on the farm would be his! Jenney's and his. Everything had gone well in town, and he left for home early the next day.

He was a little worried. The river, usually so quiet, had turned its soft whisperings into a roar. But the river had always been his friend, and even if it had rained last night everything would be all right, and the farm was his and Jenney's now.

The train had drawn up at the station, he had jumped off, ready to greet Jenney, but she was not there! Perhaps she had slept late; but no, Jenney never did that. What could be the matter? He had left his suitcase behind, to be picked up later, and had trudged along the road toward home.

He had been anxious, but now his fears grew with every step he took, and the river sounded loud and angry in his ears. One more turn in the road and he would be home. He came around the bend and stopped short. The river was there, but the house, the barns—where were they? Gone! There was only the river! Where was Jenney?

He had turned wildly to a small group of neighbours, who were looking wide-eyed at the angry river. They had shaken their heads and looked at him sympathetically; Jenney had gone with the house in the storm that night.

He had gone mad then, and rushed for the river; but strong hands had held him back. He had cried out that the river had taken his all, why not let it take him? But they had taken him away, and now it was summer, and the river was whispering quietly and chuckling to itself, no longer a friend, but an enemy; an enemy which must be overcome and taught submission. He still had the greater part of his life to live, if years counted, and he would show the river that though it had taken his all, it had not beaten him.

BERYS COLE.

THE BROOK

A tiny little brook meanders through the meadow,
Crystal clear, and cool as April dawn,
Continuously babbling and bubbling to the pool
That breaks its merry flow through pastures
green.

Its mirror-like translucence reveals the rounded
pebbles

That chatter, chatter brightly to each other all
day long.

Then eagerly it gushes on, bubbling and gurgling,
For ever and for ever, until eternity.

M-C. REA.

MY VISIT TO THE FAIR

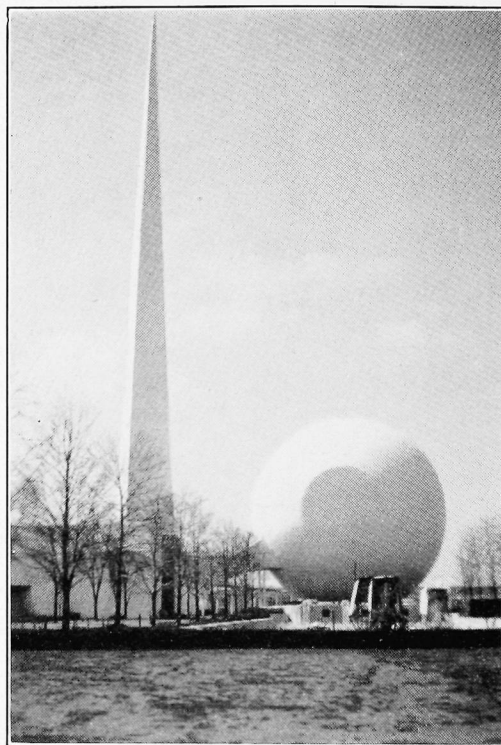
I was one of the luckiest girls in the world last holiday when I was taken to see a preview of the New York World's Fair. As our car bore the official emblem of the Fair, the attendant at the gate allowed us to enter, giving us a broad smile and a nod.

What struck me most forcibly when I found myself in that huge wonderland was the beautiful color combinations of the various architectural masterpieces which have been created by the foremost designers of our day.

One would expect the symbols of the Fair, the Trylon and Perisphere, to be rather uninteresting, but I can assure you they are anything but that. On a bright sunny day the dark shadows cast by one on the other, which make a striking contrast with the dead whiteness of each, are really a wonder to behold.

We first turned our attention to the Glass Building. Atop this beautiful white structure, with its blue-mirrored entrance, stands a tower of glass one hundred and seven feet high, also off-set with blue-glass. We entered a circular chamber, the ceiling of which was a huge mirror. It gave me a very funny feeling to look up and see my image staring down at me. Part of the room is taken up by a platform on which some of the foremost glass-blowers in the world demonstrate that fascinating art. In another section of the building we saw the process of making glass fabric enacted before us. One tiny glass ball, the size of a marble, was spun into ninety-six miles of glass thread, which was then woven into glass fabric, entirely without human assistance. In that part of the building, glass furniture is also exhibited—Steinway has made a beautiful light wood Grand piano which is supported on slabs of thick glass. In a semi-circular arcade, the history of glass is told by little wooden figures in large glass retorts. The workmanship and detail on these figures is really marvellous.

The Avenue of Nations is very well done; each building bears some symbol of the country which it represents, for instance, the Chilean



Building is decorated by a map of that country done in relief.

The Bridge of Wings and on the other side of the Fair, the Bridge of Wheels, take us to the Aviation and Motor Industries buildings respectively. A great deal of imagination has been used in the designing of these bridges and in that of many buildings, such as the Aviation Building, which represents the nose of a plane coming out of its hangar; the Marine Building further on which looks like the hulls of two ocean liners rising out of the ground, and the Coty Building in the cosmetics section, which has a huge Coty powder box sitting on the top of it.

The whole effect of the Fair is one of brilliant color and beautifully sculptured lines, and I am sure that the memory of its wonders will remain with me always.

MARY ALDOUS.

EXCHANGES

St. Andrew's College Review.
 Trinity University Review.
 Bishop Strachan School Magazine
 "The Pibroch", Strathallen School.
 "Omnis Lucis Causa", Ottawa Ladies College

PIERRE

He was, as it is said, born blind. This was old Pierre, the beloved of all in the tiny Swiss village of St. Angelo. Pierre had never ventured over the mountains that encircled his village, as it too, seemed closed from the world like himself.

Pierre had married, but his wife had died many years ago, and all his children, save Marie, had left him for the attractions of the outside world. Pierre lived alone in a small cottage at the far end of the village. In this little abode, he supported himself by weaving wicker baskets, while Marie kept house. She was the joy of his old age, by her never ceasing care and devotion.

He was indeed a father to all the village. Lovers came to him for advice, or to settle their silly grievances. The troubled brought their woes to him, while the sad in heart found comfort in his kind words.

Pierre did not consider himself blind as he truly possessed that gift of seeing the beautiful world through others' eyes. Nor was his life dull because of it. Everyone received pleasure in doing things to please him. His elderly friends would guide him gladly while out walking with him. The maidens of the village found peace in reading to him while their knitting needles flashed. It was to him the young scholars came for advice in their lessons and for words of encouragement.

Here was a life which might have been wasted, but which, instead, had been a full one that left behind it a better world.

J. HARVIE, VIA.

REVIVAL OF THE ENGLISH
LANGUAGE

'Twas upon the eventide which followeth upon the day of the New Year, when Jonathan mounteth the steps of fair Alison's abode. He tappeth gently upon the door, and upon receivance, entereth in. Forsooth—'twas to be the great eve of his life, for he should request the hand of this fair maiden; he waiteth upon the threshold—his heart panteth within him. She trippeth down the stairway and hideth her countenance with a dainty rag (pocket handkerchief). He falleth upon his knees, and beggeth the fair damsel to be united in holy wedlock with him.

"Thou art a rogue, sir; I have known thee no longer than a decade—indeed, thou speakest in a bold manner. *But*, forsooth, I grant thee permission to touch my fair hand with thine lips."

"Wench, thou knowst me to be *no* rogue, but an upright and honourable lover—yea verily!"

"If thou speakest truly from thine heart, thou mayst discourse with mine goodly father."

He goeth in and he cometh out—with a gladsome heart.

"Dame, thy father hath consented; I am to be thy lord. Approach and we will embrace."

Cautiously she doth advance and he clutcheth her within his arms, and bestoweth upon her many caresses.

"Fair lady, this day hath filled my heart with joy—indeed it overfloweth, and so I bid thee farewell and take leave of thee, my spouse to be, until to-morrow."

He taketh his leave.

THE END

B. B. FRASER

MARGARET AMBROSE.

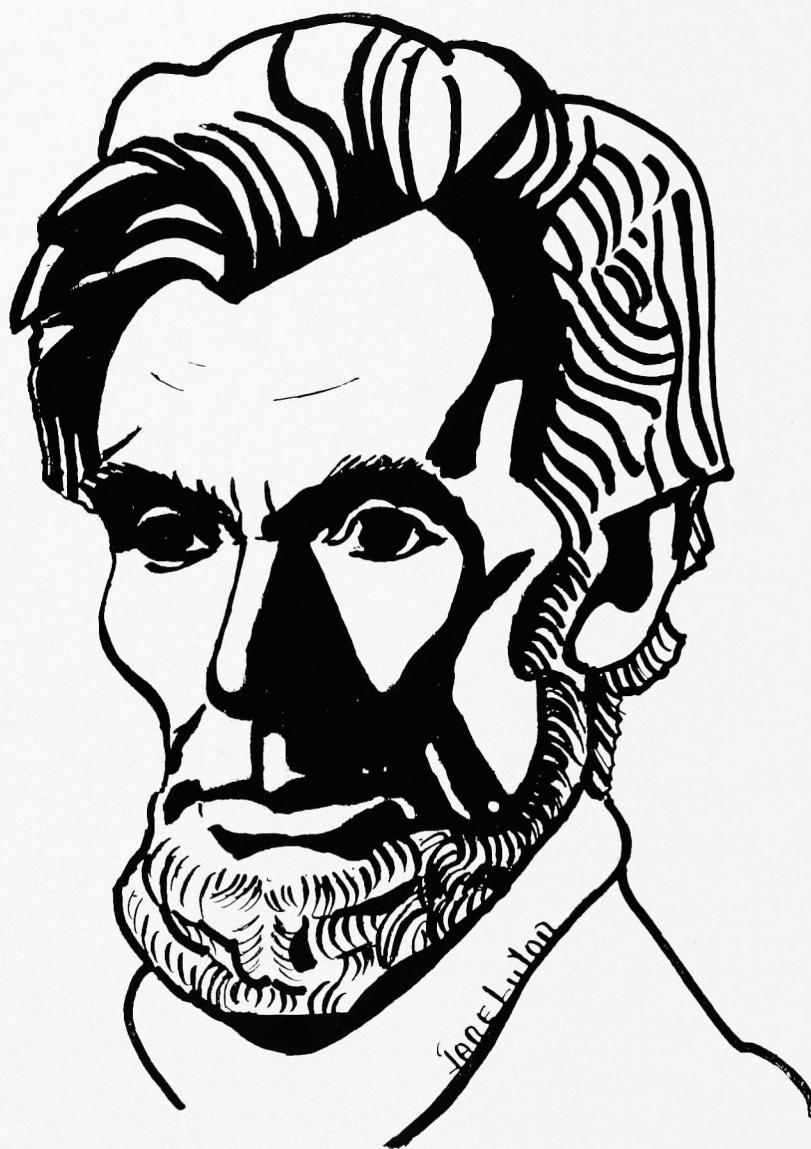
My room-mate she comes from St. Bruno.
 'Tis her pastime to gaze at the moon-o;

Though she sits there and looks

She is bound to her books;

That poor little gal from St. Bruno.

C. CATE, *Matric.*



LINCOLN

A symbol—the Man of a nation—

Ideal of one people forever.

Ugly, handsome, wonderful face,
Carved like strong granite out of the quarry,
Lined and seamed with the cares of a life
Of service whose valueless, measureless worth
Can never be counted. That service his people
Acknowledge to-day, have acknowledged for
long—

But while he lived, while that work was creating,
What time he hammered the steel at the anvil,
Beating the backbone, the spine of his country
Out of its first formless, shapeless existence,
Forging the base of the greatness to come,
Was he then recognized? Fool—awkward
booby—

His greatest address called a shame to his office—
Mocked at and scorned by the people he slaved
for,

Giving his life that their sons might be free;
Little they cared, the jaded sophisticates.
Little they troubled to look for the jewels
Glimmering there like a diamond unpolished,
Its beauty and worth shining forth through the
clay.

Murdered at last in his hour of triumph—
Oh, much we did for the greatest of men
That his nation ever called forth to its needs.
Let us now honour him—gaze on that visage
So noble, so worthy of homage and praise—
Now he is gone, let us join in our lauding
His memory, trying so hard to forget
How we neglected and scorned him alive.
Try to forget—but always remember
How much is owed—and how little repaid!

OLWEN JONES.

WHAT WE'D LIKE TO SEE

Miss Gillard.....dropping a carton of *red* ink
in the front hall.

Miss Huntley....sleeping through a fire-drill.

Miss Wainwright having her picture in an
“Ironized Yeast” ad.

Miss Harrison....jumping a cattle boat “home”.

Miss McKim....saying “Just call me nursie”.

Miss Gurd.....in a home for the aged.

Miss Keyzer.....knowing “what the score is”.

Miss Lindsay....driving a hay-wagon.

Miss Sampson....knitting “little nothings”.

Miss Eaton.....skiing in the Tyrol.

Miss DeWitt....wearing a “doll” hat.

Miss Brewer....walking a Pekingese.

Miss Masten I...star of the Ice Follies.

Miss Masten II...weeding the *K.K.K. campus.

Miss Robertson...thumbing a ride.

Miss McCallum...in a marathon.

Mrs. Starr.....head-waitress at the Cotton
Club.

Miss Rootham ...turning pages for Artie Shaw's
orchestra.

Miss Royer.....chasing grasshoppers.

Miss Wallace....doing a bubble dance (having
used her own soap(?)).

The Staff.....invisible.

J. JENCKES, J. HARVIE,

V. STANNARD, A. EWENS.

I'm Hungary; Yukon get me a cup of Java
and Sweden it with a Cuba sugar; and please
Russia, because I Moscow. Don't stand there
and Babylon! Get on Uruguay. They never
Serbia Indes places. Alaska waiter for Samoa.
Kenya get me the Czech? Hey! Egypt me!
Did Jamaica mistake? Denmark it, or I'll call
the Bosphorus. Danube, anyway!

Well, Ceylon! Abyssinia.....

J. ARMSTRONG, *Matric.*

**Kompton Koncentration Kamp.*

THE ADVENTURES AND MISADVENTURES OF AN UMBRELLA

My Dear Darling Curt;

At last I take my pen in hand to write you this long delayed letter. I have not written you for two whole days because I have been so busy. The weather has been perfectly beautiful and so I have gone for a walk with my mistress every day. Oh, as I passed your pleasant abode how I longed to rush to you, but I could not for I was tightly grasped by a pair of grubby and dirty hands. Will my cruel imprisonment here ever end? Won't you ever be able to escape yourself and rescue me?

I have some very sad news to tell you, I can not but shed a tear as I think of it. My beauty is ruined, my former glory is gone forever. The other day my careless owner dropped a whole bottle of ink over my beautiful pink dress, and my face is now a pale shade of blue, even after countless washings. Oh, Curt, you will love me still, even if I am no longer lovely, won't you?

Last night I dreamt about the first time I met you. Do you remember it? It was one beautiful rainy Sunday when I was only four weeks old, and my angry owner had brought me to church. She was angry because she was on duty that day, and as she crossly threw me behind I hit my head and began to cry. It was then you saw me. You did not know me for this was the first time I had been to church, but I knew you by reputation. You were the famous Curt, "the Church Broom", who was so handsome that all the girls fell into a dead faint at the sight of you. However, when you came up to me and spoke to me in that charming voice of yours, I didn't faint because I couldn't see you properly through my tears.

Anyway I am no ordinary girl. You were so sweet, and sympathetic to me, Curt, that I think I fell in love with you then; but I did not tell you that for I was too shy. Remember how, after you had dried my tears, we sat and listened to the beautiful singing; and how the old door mat came hobbling up to me and was so rude! Then you knocked him down and told him that

in future he might remember to treat a lady respectfully. Oh, how happy I was when I saw him stretched out on the floor, and how worried when I saw the splinter he had knocked off you. Then I bandaged your arm up and promised to see you again next Sunday. What a happy morning that was.

Thus it has been for the last eight years Curt. We have our Sunday mornings together when the weather is rainy, but the rest of the time we must content ourselves with these sloppy notes which Bill the milk wagon delivers for us. My whole life has gone by without having any other adventures, apart from occasional conversations with the stray mouse or rat who happens to wander into my closet. We are now both old and may any day be thrown out.

Oh, Curt, do come and rescue me before it is too late!

All the love that there has ever been,

Una Umbrella.

M. AITKEN, VIA.

THE EASTER PARADE

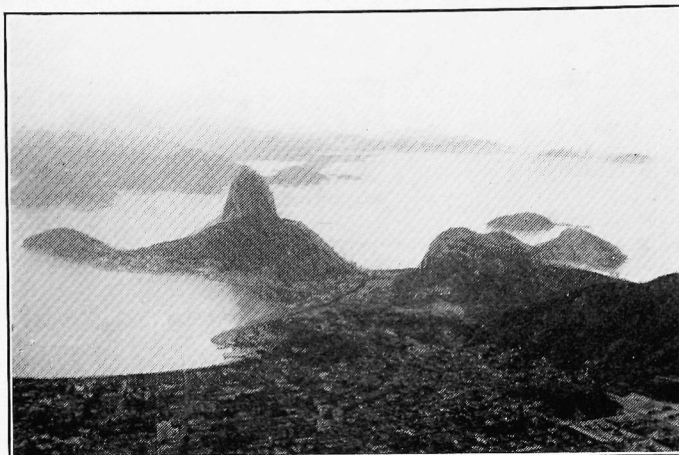
Though I'd seldom write a sonnet
About your Easter bonnet,
I take an active interest
In the Easter Parade.
You may be dressed in clover
But when *I* look you over,
I think of all the money spent
On Easter Parades.
If the cameraman should snap us
He'd have to try and catch us,
For he likes a little money
For the picture he has made.
To make your picture enter
In the Roto-gravure centre
You're paying money still
Until it makes you feel quite ill.
So although your Easter bonnet
May be Byron's type of sonnet,
It's good-bye to all the pennies
And the money *I* have made.

B. STOKES, *Matric B.*

RIO

All travellers say—
 And they are right,
 That Rio is
 A glorious sight.
 Ten mountains high
 Surround the bay,
 And shelter it
 In every way.
 The waves roll high
 Along the shore,
 And crash, until
 They are no more.
 Casinos large
 And houses small,
 All are asking
 You to call.
 From on the beach
 Or from your bed
 You see the mighty
 Russian's head.
 A mountain cut
 From rock of old,
 A picture clear,
 In outline bold,
 And all along
 The golden sands
 Sun-bathers lie
 In little bands,
 While ships with
 Never-ending loads,
 And cars from
 All the scenic roads,
 Pour into Rio,
 Huge and bright,
 For Rio is
 A glorious sight.

BARBARA STOKES, *Matric B.*



ODE TO

(*With apologies to Keats*)

My head aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of too much "coke" I'd
 drunk,
 Or emptied some strong vintage to the drains
 One minute past, and mattress-wards had sunk:
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy dream,
 But being too wroth with thy self-righteousness,
 That thou, light-headed idiot next door,
 In favour-currying scheme
 To trap the mistress into one more plus,
 Hark'st to her step along the corridor.

O, for a draught of poison, that hath been
 Steeped well and mingled well with arsenic,
 Tasting as bitter as old Paris Green,
 Well-warranted to make a drain-pipe sick !
 O, for a beaker full of th's strong draught,
 Full of the true, the real emetic drink,
 With odorous bubbles winking at the brim,
 And bilious-stained mouth;
 That thou might'st drink, and leave thy room
 unseen,
 And with it pay a visit to the sink !
 Thou hypocrite !

ANON.

LINES

(Composed upon surveying the stock of masculine apparel in the King's Hall Dramatic Cupboard)

When the cast is rehearsing with vigour,
And knows *what* it's doing, and *when*,
One question looms bigger and bigger . . .
"Now, what about clothes for the 'men'?"

A noble, in wig and knee-breeches . . .
A gallant in doublet and ruff . . .
They're merely a matter of stitches;
We turn *them* out simply enough.

But our spirits sink swiftly to zero
When a more modern play we prepare,
At the thought of our well-tailored hero,
And the suit he'll infallibly wear.

For, though we confess, to be truthful,
We've two (of a kind) in our store,
There's only one fit for the youthful . . .
And O how we wish there were more!

Ye fathers of smallish dimension!
Ye brothers of moderate size!
Pray give these few lines your attention
If they should encounter your eyes.

And when, despite mothballs and pressing,
Your suits with regret you discard,
Remember our shortage distressing,
Our plight with compassion regard.

And let them not languish in attics,
In threadbare, dishonoured old age;
But, mindful of King's Hall dramatics,
Think how they would look on the stage!

ANON.

SADDLE SHOES

There must be more than half the school
That own some saddle shoes,
And what would happen if a girl
These precious things did lose?

I must admit they are of use
And very comfy too,
And though they get quite dirty
They're the nicest kind of shoe.

And even if they're brown and white,
They end the King's Hall blues,
'Cause when our feet are weary
We just wear our saddle shoes.

S. HANSON, VI-B.

—o—

AN INDIAN'S PRAYER

At peace with all the world, he stands silhouetted
against the sky,
His sharp eyes, usually so alert, are now closed
in reverent prayer
To the great Manito, who watches over all with
untiring care;
His bronze skin harmonizing with the orange tint
of the heavens on high.

The mountains have a meaning that is lost to
those who dare
To believe in dreams and dreaming see more than
merely mountains there,
Within the mirrored marble of the mountains, in
their lofty domes,
The Indian sees vast nations rising, sturdy
homes.

Beneath the mossy pathways and in the robins'
song,
He feels the pulse of all creation, beating strong,
The leaves remain motionless on the trees as he
stands there straight and tall,
The last shadows of evening fade into darkness;
a peaceful slumber covers all.

SYDNEY PERKINS, VI-A.





PATTY'S HAIR

(Dedicated to my sister—Age 10)

Patty has two long brown braids
Which hang right down her back,
And every time she turns around
They hit you with a whack !

One day she walked down Clinton Street
To buy a chocolate bar,
Somebody called ! She turned around !
Her hair knocked down a car.

The driver, he got out and said,
"You with the hair, com 'ere !"
Patty went, he said to her:
"You better cut your *heer."

Patty cried. The tears they fell,
The conductor got right mad.
He said, "Why don't you want to cut it ?"
She said, "It's 'cause o' Dad !"

"He likes to see my hair real long,
And anyways I like to too,
And even if I got it cut,
It wouldn't be because of you !"

Once Patty climbed a mountain,
'Way out west somewhere.
She slipped on a rock that she hadn't seen,
We saved her by her hair.

One day an Indian came around
With his babe and squaw,
And they did very jealous get
When Patty's hair they saw.

They captured her and took her away
And hid her among the hills,
The Indian Chief came with a knife
And Pat nearly died of chills.

Patty cried "Oh, spare my hair,
And anything I'll do !"
The Indian Chief said nothing but
"Me-um scalp-um you !"

Twenty warriors brave and bold
Came and made a lot of noise.
Patty said to the Indian Chief,
"Who are they ?" He said, "My boys".

Patty said, "What handsome men !
If I will marry one,
Will you spare my gorgeous hair ?"
The Indian Chief said, "No-um !"

So Patty cried and kissed her hair
And prayed unto the sky.
Lo and behold an eagle was seen
To come a-flying by.

He made a jump and with his claws
He took hold of Patty's platts,
And he flew through the air with such great
speed
It nearly drove her bats.

Then he let go of Patty's hair,
And she went down and down,
And when she landed, guess where she was ?
Back home in Brooklyn town !

Patty went home to her Mother
And to her Daddy, too.
She said, "What adventures I have had
And what troubles I've been through !"

"But let me say this very day
I love my precious hair !
And I will never get it cut,
Not even when I die—so there !"

**It has to rhyme.*

J. BUTLER, *Matric B.*

A DESCRIPTION OF A PLACE I KNOW

I am the little gray field mouse who often wanders across the floor of the form room; and I am going to tell you about the place I often dream of, but have not visited as yet.

To reach this place of my dreams one must travel due west till one has crossed twenty billion cornfields to Tallow Mountain; then one must crawl into a huge garbage can which lies on the south side of the mountain, and while twirling one's whiskers say, "Ta, ca, na, da, la, ta ! Whoa !" This charm will open a small hole in the bottom of the can, through which one can step into Candy Lane; and if one follows one's nose straight through Candy Lane one will soon arrive at the "Place".

The first impression which one gets of this place is that it is very small and very quiet. However, after due investigation one finds that this place is not so small as one thought; for though no houses throng the wide streets, many beautiful gates, made from the tops of cans and decorated with coloured wax of bright shades, stand at the foot of dainty walks. These walks lead to stairs which descend to beautiful mansions. Nearly all the houses and stores of this beautiful place are built underground, and that is the reason why on first view this place looks so quiet, and rather retired and small. This place is surrounded by large mountains of rock candy, whose tops are always covered with ice cream. The ice cream changes flavour and colour with the months; in January they are covered with vanilla, in February with peppermint, in March with maple walnut, in April with peach, in May with cherry, in June with orange, in July with strawberry, in August with rum-raisin, in September with raspberry, in October with chocolate, in November with chocolate fudge, and in December with lemon. There is a large lake of ginger ale to the left of this place, and when the sun shines brightly on it, it is beautiful to see the shining bubbles glisten and dance along the amber waves.

The most interesting part of this place is the geyzer park. Here huge soda geysers of all flavors shoot into the skies. They shoot so high that

they pass through the mountain peaks, bringing down with them scoops of ice cream ! Another sight worth seeing is the amusement park. Here you are sure to win a prize at every throw, or every turn of the wheel; candy merry-go-rounds spin around to the tinkling music of a fairy band; and the tall ferris wheels are made of taffy so that no one can fall out. There is also a zoo in this amusement park, where many ferocious species of cats are safely kept under lock and key.

The people of this delightful place are all very happy and they do nothing all day but eat, play, and sleep. There is no night or day here but a delightful inbetween time, so that one does not have to worry about when one has to go to bed or wake up ! The people do not talk here for they do not have to, because they understand what each other are saying without opening their mouths. Oh, it is a very delightful place !

This place is "Mice Heaven" and all of us mice who are not eaten by cats, make the long journey to Tallow Mountain when we know our time has come to die. I can hardly wait for my time to come; if only a . . . eek ! the cat ! Goodbye !

M. AITKEN, VIA.

—o—

AFTERMATH

Silence reigns supreme.

The purple clouds seud across the sombre sky,
And vultures hover apprehensively
Over the desolate waste.

Mangled forms lie—half buried in the mire,
While the churned earth engulfs them greedily.

Here and there a putrid pool
Gleams in the grayish moonlight,
Patiently stagnant, while the passing hours
Render it more foul than before.
A never-ending line of tangled wire
Grotesquely writhes across the scene.

In the distance, a Very light flares up . . .
Then all is still again.

M-C. REA, *Matric.*

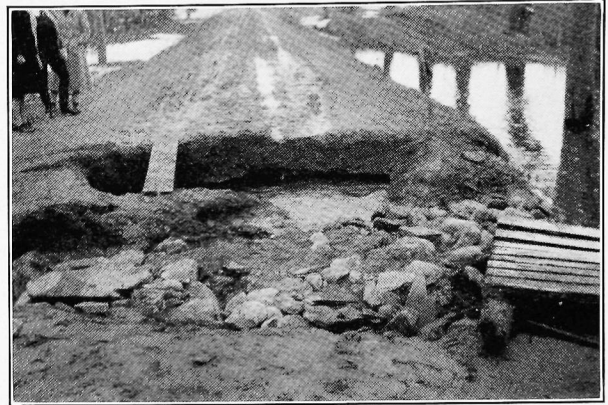
HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

Can you sort out these sayings, and assign each to the right speaker?

- | | | |
|---------------------|----------|--|
| 1 Miss Gillard | <i>a</i> | "You're a silly little goose, aren't you?" |
| 2 Miss Brewer | <i>b</i> | "Oh, I forgot all about it." |
| 3 Miss De Witt | <i>c</i> | "Have you saved me any breakfast, Ebba?" |
| 4 Miss Eaton | <i>d</i> | "Pu-lease, Samp, <i>Must</i> you?" |
| 5 Miss Gurd | <i>e</i> | "I just have bits and bobs; nothing to bid on." |
| 6 Miss Harrison | <i>f</i> | "Shut-tup!" |
| 7 Miss Huntley | <i>g</i> | "Comme je suis bete!" |
| 8 Miss Keyzer | <i>h</i> | "There won't be any pray-ers, girls". |
| 9 Miss Lindsay | <i>i</i> | "I say there". |
| 10 Miss L. Mas-ten. | <i>j</i> | "It's Tuesday; I should get another letter to-day". |
| 11 Miss M. Mas-ten | <i>k</i> | "Glory be to Peter!" |
| 12 Miss McCal-lum | <i>l</i> | "Got it?" |
| 13 Miss McKim | <i>m</i> | "O Lord! Ask her what she wants." |
| 14 Miss Robert-son | <i>n</i> | "Heavens, I've run out of apples!" |
| 15 Miss Rootham | <i>o</i> | "It's not cold out; only 16° below." |
| 16 Miss Royer | <i>p</i> | "Do you expect <i>me</i> to know?" |
| 17 Miss Sampson | <i>q</i> | "Yes . . . just three more squares and it will be half done". |
| 18 Mrs. Starr | <i>r</i> | "I've called them twice, and I can't think why they haven't sent it." |
| 19 Miss Wain-wright | <i>s</i> | "Thank goodness, there are only two more days to take temperatures". |
| 20 Miss Wallace | <i>t</i> | "Yes...but Miss Huntley's radio doesn't say, 'Barbara, do you want these curls?'." |

M. DAVIS, *Matric.*

Answers on page 26.



AN APPROACHING THUNDER-STORM

The air was deathly still. It was a warm, damp air, and it hung over the cool face of the lake like a shroud.

The clouds in the East were pink, and the fast overshadowing clouds in the West were a heavy grey.

Suddenly in the bushes nearby the dry leaves rustled and the pine branches began to murmur, a faint breeze was lifted up off the lake, and blew cool in my face.

A rumble of thunder was heard in the distance, like the roll of drums, then across the lake a "black squall" shot, the trees began to quiver, and dead leaves blew into the air in little cyclones.

The clouds were now overhead and a sprinkling of rain accompanied the little yellow dashes of lightning that played.

All of a sudden a great flash rent the sky; then the thunder roared and loomed and crashed into the distance. At first the rain came softly, then heavily; and everything was dripping in a minute.

D. SCHWARTZ, *Arts.*

TO M-C. R.

(With apologies to Wordsworth)

Two voices are there; one is in the hall,
One in the basement; each a strident voice:
In both from hour to hour thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Oh M-C.!
There came the time, and with unholy glee
Thou shook'st thy weapon; but hast too long
 striven:
Thou from thy tyrant post at length art driven,
Where not a carillon murmurs played by thee.
Of one harsh clang thine ear hath been bereft:
Then ring, O ring out that which still is left;
For, strong-armed lass, what sorrow would it be
That human feet should thunder as before,
And mistress wail from her assaulted door,
And neither awful Bell be rung by thee!

OLWEN JONES, *Matric.*

—o—

SKIS

(With apologies to Joyce Kelmer)

I think that I shall never see
An object queerer than a ski.

A ski that may in summer wear
A coat of dust in Jimmie's lair.

A ski whose point is ever pressed
Against my bare and chilly breast.

A ski whose slippery base should press
Against the snow's white loveliness.

Their points turn up to heaven all day
And lift my feet the self same way.

While speeding down a little (?) hill
Your harness breaks, for good, or ill?

Why do you fly so, little ski?
I'm sure you can't mean harm to me.

Skis are the latest mode they say,
But I prefer the snowshoe way.

Poems were made by fools like me,
But fools can never learn to ski!

JOAN JENCKES, VIA.

SNOW

The sun is shining o'er the sparkling snow,
And casting purple shadows on the trail.
The white clouds softly through the heavens sail,
When all at once the wind begins to blow,
And ice clad trees sigh forth a tale of woe.
Down from the mountain, hurling through the
 gale,
Fast leaping to and fro with mournful wail,
The snow flakes o'er precipitous valleys go,
Seething with wicked laughter as they curl.
And now the clouds have darkened in the sky:
O'er all the earth volcanic murmurs cry,
And earth seems one great turmoil, which would
 fill
All space forever in eternal whirl.
When suddenly 'tis peace, and all is still.

M. AMBROSE, VIA.

—o—

FIRE DRILL

Silence reigned throughout the halls,
George had made his mid-night calls,
Regular snores loud and deep—
All the girls were fast asleep!

Suddenly a deafening clang,
Through the long corridors rang;
It was the fearful fire-bell—
For only it could break the spell.

Up we sprang from cosy cot,
After scattered slippers sought;
Rescuing 'gowns upon the floor,
Blankets off our beds we tore.

Doors and windows next were closed,
Took mate's hand in case she dosed;
To the fire 'scapes sheltering stair,
We hurried from the noisy blare.

When all our names had been read,
We hastened to our ruffled bed:
Once again till break of day,
Sleeping heads on pillows lay.

JOY HARVIE, VIA.

SONG OF THE ROWERS

Pull—pull—stand at the bench—
 Lean on the sweep and drag it back—
 The weight of your body—your shoulders'
 strength—
 The pull from the deck through your thighs and
 chest—
 Sink with the fall—ready ! Shove all together—
 Force the oar forward—rise to its swing—*now*
 Pull—pull—your bench-mate faints,
 But haul him up, or the master's whip
 Lashes his back to a bleeding pulp,
 And the body swings over and tangles your feet
 Before it is thrown to the waiting sharks.
 Cling to the oar with bleeding palms,
 Wrists blistered raw from the galling chain,
 Feet splintered hard from the heaving deck,
 Ankle-bands chafing down to the bone—
 Pull—pull—lean and drag back—
 Sink—now rise, and forward again—
 Pray from your heart, though the soul is gone,
 Gasp through dry throat and cracking lips,
 Groan for a breath of rest-giving air,
 A steady blow from the eastern trades,
 Drying the sweat from the gaping pores,
 Sweeping the stench of the galley deck
 Out again to the salty sea,
 To mingle with foam and wind-blown spray.
 But—keep on rising, leaning—pull—
 Pull—with the power of muscles gnarled
 And knotted by months of brutal toil,
 Warping the mind and body, till
 All that's left is a crude machine,
 Soulless, mindless, worse than a beast,
 Having no aim nor hope in life,
 Scarce living, just heeding the harsh command—
 Pull—pull—pull till you drop
 In your shackles, and whipping can't make you
 stand,
 And they file you free, and—the sharks still
 wait.

OLWEN JONES, *Matric.*



DICK, THE PIEBALD

This is about a piebald pony that David and I owned when we were six years old.

Dick was a fat, patient and good-natured little Shetland. He was very good to all of us, and used to take us for long rides on his back or in the cart. Whenever we had friends come to spend the day with us, we always caught Dick and played with him. He stood quietly while we mounted him, one after another.

In the summer he was put in the pasture with the other horses. He used to lie under the big butternut tree, near the fence, so that he could keep cool in its shade. Sometimes he and the other horses would race across the pasture to the sugar-bush, where they grazed in the shade, by the waterfall.

Whenever we wanted to ride him we went to the pasture gate and whistled. After a short time, Dick usually came up to us, though sometimes if he felt mischievous, he would not. Then one of us took the halter and a tin full of oats and went off to look for him. It did not take long to catch him then, because Dick simply could not resist oats.

In the wintertime Dick was kept in the stable. He had a box-stall of his own. The floor of the stall was covered with clean sawdust and the hayrack in the corner was always kept full; we saw to that. David or I took him out in the cutter almost every day to give him exercise.

We had had him for three years when one day Dick stumbled on a hedgehog's hole in the meadow and broke his leg. David and I went up the next day to see him, but he was not there. The groom told us that he had been shot.

He was buried under the old butternut tree, where he used to rest in the shade on hot summer days. There is a brass tablet on the tree which we put there in memory of our piebald friend. Surely there was never a more patient, more lovable or more good-natured pony in the world than Dick.

H. CORBETT, *VIA.*

Harvie
(")

Well, I didn't
hear her.

Heck, Amby
my movies
aren't half
as good as yours.
Findlay
(fish)

well, Nancy
 $2+2=4$
Chapman
(Sally)

BCS 25 = Napoleon's
defeat at Hohenlinden
(and soon!)
Anderson
(Barbara)

But Miss
Brewer
Fairley
(Nancy)

NO

well, um
hogan
(")

Sit
down -
(claw)

aw Miss Keger
this is my dance!
Aitken
(Meg)

Henry Esmond
is so sad, but
so exciting (grrr)
Beeman
(")

oh dear!
I have no
more wool!
Belton
(Libby)
(shu-uff)

Got it?
Miss Huntley
(censored)

Sicks Aye
and their
favorite
Expressions
by
J. Jenckes.

Shu-uff - I was
shu-ing!
(like Miss Lindsay)
Jenckes.
(lui)

I don't care!
I think Hitler
ought to be
shot! (all the
time)
struthers.
(")

Goo
(very big)
Holt
(Pansy)

Come on
Helen, Baby!
Hume
(dwi)

Jenckes, look what
I did!
Spafford.
(Spaff)

(also very
small)
Corbett
(")

Boo
Robinson
(censored)
Oh, Schwartz

Yes, Miss Lindsay,
I was listening

Haw
Haw
Hughson
(Huags)

Partridge
(elo)

Elder.
(")
I'll see what I can do,
but you know
Miss Huntley!

Moffatt.
(Fanny)

(very
very
small)
I say,
Oliver!
Slanger
(Joan)

B.B.
hum're
Ambrose
(Amby)

Noise
Bruno
Parbins
(Perby)

INSPIRATION

And I said to myself, "I will write
A song, I will create
A poem, the breath and the life
Of the love and the fear and the wonder
That is in me and of me,
That is of my own being,
That comes of my self."

And as I spoke came the spirit to me
Of my struggling muse, and my heart
Was filled and was filled overflowing
With powerful feeling, the strong, hard emotion
within me.

And it rose, and vibrated, pulsed
Within me, and shook my soul,
And the power that lay in it grasped me,
And forthwith out poured my creation,
The thing that was born of me, mine,
My passionate muse's expression.

Woven of dusky fragrance of cedar,
Full of the haunting dim of the pine wood,
This was my song.

Wrought of the feel of heavy, swift mercury,
The texture of wind and the coarse-grained
tornado,
This was my song.

Lacquered and sprayed with the delicacy
Of the scent of lilacs,
Edged with a rustling fringe of the beauty
Of sunset and sunrise and the moon's cycle,
This was my song.

Buttressed and pillared with mountain-voices,
Foundations of sea-songs,
Roofed with the vaulting of echoing under-
ground waters,
This was my song.

Laden with melody,
Carpeted richly with the sight of gold corn,
Hung with embroidered arras of starlight,
This was my song.

Breathing the beauty of swift, sane death,
Having the power and sureness
Of life and creation and love,
Full of the mystery
Of a soul deep-breathing eternity,
This was my song.

Out of my heart,
Out of my soul,
Out of my spirit,
Thus my song flowed, streaming, throbbing,
The blood of my being,
Unchanging, inarticulate,
Leaving me spent and doubtful,
Leaving me weakened and full of strange and
significant glory.

OLWEN JONES.

L'ORAGE

Ma mère et moi étions assises au jardin et
lisions. Il y avait beaucoup de poussière et la
chaleur était intense. Soudain je regarde le
ciel, le temps s'est couvert et le vent commence à
s'élever. Je reconnais que le temps est à l'orage,
aussi ma mère et moi rentrons en courant à la
maison.

J'entends le tonnerre au loin. Je voudrais
qu'il pleuve beaucoup car toutes les petites fleurs
dans le jardin sont très sèches, l'herbe est sèche
aussi. Voilà un terrible coup de tonnerre, et ma
sœur crie. L'orage s'approche ! Quel tonnerre,
quelle foudre ! Ah, la foudre est tombée sur un
arbre pas loin d'ici. J'ai peur du tonnerre qui est
si fort, et des éclairs qui illuminent toute la
région.

Le vent souffle de plus en plus et mes petites
poupées de papier, qui étaient restées au jardin,
sont emportées dans l'espace et retombent dans
l'étang.

Oh, il pleut, car je sens des gouttes sur ma tête.
Maintenant il pleut à torrent. Tout est mouillé.
Impossible de sortir par cette pluie.

Enfin l'orage s'éloigne et la pluie cesse. Voilà
le soleil ! Le temps est rafraîchi. L'orage n'est
plus qu'un souvenir.

M. AITKEN, VIA.

K.H.C. LITERARY QUOTATIONS

- Miss Gillard.....A good heart's worth gold
—*Shakespeare*.
- Miss Brewer.....Blushing is the color of virtue.
—*Matthew Henry*.
- Miss De Witt....A woman should be good for
everything at home, but a-
broad good for nothing.
—*Melcayer*.
- Miss Eaton.....I have hardly ever known a
mathematician who was cap-
able of reasoning—*Plato*.
- Miss Gurd.....The great end of life is not
knowledge, but action.
—*Huxley*.
- Miss Harrison....Whatsoever thy hand findeth
to do, do it with thy might.
—*Bible*.
- Miss Huntley....O woe is me, to see what I
have seen !—*Shakespeare*.
- Miss Keyzer.....I'm no angel.—*Thackeray*.
- Miss Lindsay....I'll not listen to reason; reason
always means what someone
else has to say.—*Gaskell*.
- Miss M. Masten .Play out the play !
—*Shakespeare*.
- Miss L. Masten..Her silver voice is the rich
music of a summer bird.
—*Longfellow*
- Miss McCallum...The quickest way to a man's
heart is through his stomach.
—*"Punch"*.
- Miss McKim.....Reproof on her lip, but a smile
in her eye.—*Samuel Lover*.
- Miss Robertson .Be silent, or let thy words be
worth more than silence.
—*Pythagoras*.
- Miss Rootham ...Such sweet compulsion doth
in music lie.—*Arcades*.
- Miss Royer.....O sleep it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole.
—*Coleridge*.
- Miss Sampson....Whosoever findeth a wife,
findeth a good thing.—*Bible*.
- Miss Wallace....Wait, thou child of hope, for
time shall teach thee all
things.—*Tupper*.

Mrs. Starr.....The lady doth protest too
much, methinks—*Shakespeare*
The Girls.....A bad excuse is better than
none at all.—*Gosson*.

A. TROOP and C. CATE, *Matric*.

SLEEP

(*With apologies to Wordsworth*)

A slumber did my eyelids seal,
In prep. I left my fears;
A mistress came and saw me sleep,
And sharply pulled my ears.

She gave me minus 10, worse luck !
She always *hears* and sees !
Next time I think I'll sleep outside,
'Neath boughs, and leaves of trees.

PATSY BEEMAN, VIA.

A SONNET

The trees stand black and silent 'neath the pale
And silvery moon; and cover all the snow
With weird reflections. On the lake below
The ice is gleaming, and some skaters sail
Along its polished surface, down the trail
Of silvery light—all shod with steel they go.
A quaint beast prowls the wood with movements
slow.
No winds through leafless silent forests wail.
Then comes sweet spring, her warm winds fill
the air,
And bubbling torrents rush down mountains
steep.
The world awakens from her winter's sleep.
Vanished are cold nights, hunger and despair,
Sweet smells and sounds of spring are every-
where,
Young fawns and bunnies through green thickets
leap.

E. HUME, VIA.

REMINISCENCES

The night is dark.
 I lie awake and wonder
 Where you are—
 What you're doing,
 And whether, when the four long years are up,
 You'll seek me out again.
 I know that at the end
 Of that elapse of time
 My memory of you will be
 As fresh as it is now.
 And I'll remember these
 About you—

A soft laugh, scarcely audible;
 And a humour all your own;
 A cleft chin; strong, firm hands;
 Long, serious discussions
 Which I loved above all else;
 Sensations of protection and
 Security I knew.
 Old phrases that still
 Are ringing in my ears,
 And silences when neither broke the spell;
 The faculty you had for reading minds.
 A dreadful Homberg hat, the "Miserère";
 And now again that funny muffled laugh!
 These I'll remember.

ANON.

FIFTEEN YEARS FROM NOW

I think that I shall never look
 In the wretched order-mark book,
 A book which fills our miserable lives
 With 2's and 3's and 10's and 5's.

A book that haunts us through the night,
 And makes us quiver at the sight;
 A book whose cover's tattered and torn,
 Probably like that since it was born.

But if you're good, and have a brain,
 In that book plus-es will reign,
 And you won't be afraid to look
 In that horrible order-mark book.

M. MOLSON, VIB.

TO . . .

Often, when I'm far away from home,
 I lie awake and think
 What a poor life it is
 —How drab and wearisome
 And filled with artificialities;
 And often have I thought of quitting it
 To gain eternal peace.

Then I think of family and home,
 Which brings no peace of mind,
 But many little problems
 Come into my head
 To worry me away from healthy sleep.

Always, then, I think of you.

For you have ever been
 A comfort to my mind,
 A pillar of strength to me in moments of dis-
 tress,
 A refuge from the tempests of my life
 And you have ever stood for
 Sympathy and Understanding,
 Two great qualities
 Still appreciated by the younger set
 —By me no less than others.

But now you've gone.

So, if I may,
 I'll still look up to you,
 And you will give me
 Courage, when I waver in the world,
 And I shall always count on you,
 Because I know you'll help
 As you have done so frequently before.

ANON.

SIX-B

S stands for Stupid...we don't know a thing;
 I stands for Ignorant...we can't even sing;
 X stands for Xtra, and that's what we are...
 Just plain extra dopey from near and from far.

B stands for Beauty, that we haven't got;
 E stands for Eating...and *that's* where we're hot.
 E stands for End, and I seem to be there...
 We're the happiest form, and we haven't a
 care.

S. HANSON, VIB.

Modern Art

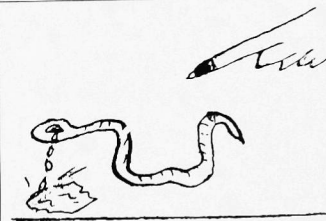
M. Aitken



Singing at K.H.C.



Good (?) Posture at Table



Girl with Order-mark

VIA—SONGS

- M. Aitken.... Little Lady Make-Believe.
 M. Ambrose.... If I had a Talking Picture
 of You.
 B. Anderson.... Wake up and Live !
 P. Beeman.... Let Yourself Go !
 E. Belton.... Redheads on Parade.
 S. Chapman.... I'm just a Jitterbug.
 H. Corbett.... You're an Education in Yourself
 E. Elder..... Smoke Dreams.
 N. Fairley.... Why Doesn't Someone Tell Me
 These Things ?
 H. Findlay.... Saving Myself.
 J. Harvie.... Non-Stop Flight.
 J. Holt..... Power House.
 N. Hughson.... Now It Can Be Told.
 E. Hume..... Ride, Tenderfoot, Ride.
 J. Jenckes.... You Taught Me to Love Again.
 N. Logan.... Shuffle off to Buffalo.
 F. Moffatt.... *Laugh* and Call it Love.
 G. Partridge... You're a Sweet Little Head-
 ache.
 S. Perkins.... I Got a Guy.
 F. Robinson.... Love Walked In.
 J. Spafford.... Small Fry.
 J. Stanger.... Simple and Sweet.
 B. Struthers... Solitude.
 Form Mistress. A Study in Brown.

E. ELDER and G. PARTRIDGE.

CHEM. LAB. SMELLS

There are smells that make us hungry,
 There are smells that make us sick,
 There are smells that make us grumpy,
 There are smells that make us kick.

There are smells that come from candy,
 There are smells that come from meat,
 But the smells that come from Chem. Lab,
 Are the smells that can't be beat.

JEAN BUTLER, *Matric.*

A FRAGMENT

The necklace lay on the black velvet with which its case was lined, the darkness making a more striking background than was needed, for the chain of jewels was faultless. Each ruby and emerald, set in its silver leaf, shone warmly, yet with a muffled radiance, while the great black diamond, unset, held in its dark depths an unholy glow which caused it to stand out against the blackness even more than its silver-set companions. Its unwinking flame seemed to watch the fascinated thief like the eye of a spirit more evil than his own

OLWEN JONES.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE

Patzy is a lady,
 Patzy is a gal,
 Patzy goes a dancing,
 Patzy and her pal.

"Palsie" does the two-step,
 Patzy does the shag,
 "Palsie" does the rumba—
 Pat begins to sag!

"Palsie" starts the Charleston,
 Patzy "goes to town",
 "Palsie" starts the cake-walk—
 Pat begins to frown.

"Palsie" does a tango,
 Patzy starts to "geep"
 "Palsie" does a square-dance—
 Pat begins to weep!

Patzy was a lady,
 Patzy was a gal,
 Patzy went a-dancing;
 Patzy has *no* pal!

M. AITKEN, VIA.

TRIOLET

We hoped for days we'd get some snow
 To cover up the fields and hills,
 And then we'd all a-skiing go—
 We hoped for *days* we'd get some snow.
 But now we hope it's not too slow;
 Last night no snow was on the sills.
 We hoped for days we'd get some snow
 To cover up the fields and hills.

P.S.—*We got it!*

J. FRANKLIN, *Malric B.*



NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

They Say we are not given to excitement at K.H.C., but let me give you an account of *Yesterday's* doings. Woke up to the sound of *Jungle Drums*, having *Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls*. It was a *Nightmare*. Wanted to stay in bed for *Sixty Seconds*, but dressed in a great deal less. Took a *Non-Stop Flight* to the gym, and tried to sneak in *Softly as a Morning Sunrise*, but some one yelled "*I've Got Eyes to See With.*" Tried to smooth it over by saying "*You're as Pretty as a Picture*" but no results. *Was Deep in a Dream* in my first class, when the teacher said, "*I Get Along Without You Very Well*"; spent the rest of the day doing lines. Went skiing for part of the afternoon, now a certain section of my anatomy is *Deep Purple!* Decided to go to the village but found it wiser to *Get out of Town* as *It Had to Be You* on the road. Tried to *Hurry Home*, but was late again, and got into prep. as the teacher said "*Begin the Beguine*". I murmured "*Jeepers Creepers, You Leave Me Breathless*", and got more lines. *There Might Have Been* mail for me but there wasn't, so *I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart*. I handed in my lines, the teacher said, "*Thanks for Everything*". I replied "*I Promise You*" it won't happen again, "*Blame it on My Last Affair.*" I crawled upstairs with *Two Sleepy People*. Someone said, "*There's Honey on the Moon To-night*". I answered "*Here I am Alone*". I went to the dispensary; the nurse asked "*What Have You Got that Gets Me?*" I replied, "*A Sweet Little Headache.*" She gave me *Sympathy* and a pill. Got into *My Own* bed. My room-mate started to snore. I said "*Quiet or I'll Change Partners*". So I fell asleep and dreamt about *A Kid called Joe*.

BETTY STRUTHERS, VIA.

—o—

Answers to "How Observant Are You?"

a-15; b-14; c-19; d-10; e-9; f-17; g-16; h-4; i-1; j-3;
 k-5; l-7; m-8; n-11; o-2; p-20; q-18; r-12; s-13; t-6.

PIE SONG

Listen ! Hear ! We're having pie !
 What kind of pie ? Just pie !
 Can't wait to eat these carrots,
 Oh Ebba ! Hi ! The pie !

The pie is brought to teacher,
 She gives it a great scowl,
 I wonder how she'll cut it ?
 Should Ebba bring a towel ?

Chorus:

Will she kick it ? Bang it ? Crash it ?
 Will she sock it ? Sling it ? Hash it ?
 Will she grind it ? Saw it ? Mash it ?
 Will she turn it upside down ?
 Will she chew it ? Tear it ? Bite it ?
 Will she jump it ? Roll it ? Fight it ?
 Will she poke it ? Punch it ? Tight it ?
 Will she throw it with a frown ? . . . (should be
 . . . throw it on the ground).

Poor teacher has such trouble
 In cutting up a pie.
 But we have trouble also,
 In fact we almost die !

But now the battle's over,
 The worthy deed is done
 And it really looks like pie !
 One more teacher has won !

JEAN BUTLER, *Matric B.*

LIGHTS

Bright the sinking sun gleams red,
 Peering through the bars of cloud,
 Tinting all the sea with blood,
 Vanquished—dying—in its shroud.

Bright the chilly stars stare down,
 Sprinkling glitter on the waves;
 Coldly gleaming, white and dead,
 Distant spirits from their graves.

Bright the cool moon glimmers, pale,
 Old, remote, dispassionate;
 Sheds, aloof, her lucent rays,
 Cold, unmoved as written fate.

Brightly shines the morning sun,
 Rosy-fingered dawning light,
 Dancing on the ripples calm,
 Making day from darkling night.

Brightly glares the sun at noon,
 Fiery orb of blinding glow,
 Beating flat the copper sea
 Where the sullen rollers go.

*Bright the sinking sun gleams red,
 Peering through the bars of cloud,
 Tinting all the sea with blood,
 Vanquished—dying—in its shroud.*

OLWEN JONES, *Matric.*

—O—

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE
MEETING

Magazine Committee Meeting,
 What a rush it is !
 So much work to be inspected—
 One must be a whiz !

Settle down to read the entries,
 Now we're under way—
 Not for long, for idle students
 Come to spoil our day.

One by one they stick their heads in,
 "Scram, we're busy now !"
 "Oh, I'm sorry—didn't know it"
 —Exit with a bow.

"Let us tack a notice up".
 "Admirable plan !"
 But when done, it fails to help us—
 If not that, what can ?

So we plod on through our entries,
 Now we're nearly done—
 "What?—a meeting?—Oh, I'm sorry."
 —Laymen call it "fun" !

M-C. REA, *Matric.*

MATRIC HOROSCOPE

Name	Favorite Expression	Pet Aversion	Pastime	Ambition	Probable Destination
Mary Aldous	It's super.	Bands	Olwen	B.Sc., H.E.	Warden in a women's jail.
June Armstrong	Shucks Ma !	The younger set	Buns and puns	Benny's traps player	Stage
Tony Barker	Don't be silly	Gym. horse	Holly	Grand National	Sherbrooke Fair
Jean Butler	What do you know about it ?	Discipline	Writing on beer-jackets	Buyer for Lord & Taylor	Buyer from Lord & Taylor
Caroline Cate	Grow up !	Being told to stop	Knitting in prep.	Yacht racing	Racing in a row-boat
Berys Cole	Flooiie	Noise	Still that boarding-house reach	Love in a cottage	Librarian
Diana Dawes	She won't talk !	Hurrying	Riding	None	Lady of leisure
Mickey Davis	Hello, Stookie puss !	Sunday afternoons	Shhh !	Sculptress	Interpreter
Audrey Esler	Where's my Mummy ?	Latin	Phoning home	Paris in spring	Beautician
Bebe Fraser	What's good about it ?	Prefects	Waiting for Ottawa mail	Leave boarding school	Social butterfly
Jean Franklin	Wait till I tell you !	Hawaii	Waiting for B.C.S. calls	Marry a millionaire with a weak heart	Chorus girl
Nina Lee Franklin	It's a matter of opinion, but . . .	Runs	Knitting little nothings	A family	Still knitting
Nancy Foster	This is where we came in	Short men	Getting parcels	To wear red	Tall, dark and handsome
Nancy Gilmour	None too rosy	Shrieking brats	Avoiding bachelors	To stay in one piece	Happily married
Ruth Harris	Aren't I cute ?	B.C.S.	Blushing	Wimbledon	Grand opera
Janie Holton	It's a lot of guff	Blind dates	"Houses and Gardens"	To be an architect	Bricklayer
Olwen Jones	Out, out, damned spot !	The uneducated	Prompting mistresses	It's too high for us	Prompting professors
Helen Kelley	No, Miss Eaton !	Compton village	Skipping chemistry	City slicker	Badminton
Marjorie Lewis	Oh fudge !	Essays	Giggling	Whoop it up !	M.A., B.Sc.
Libby Lyman	Oh dear !	Moving	Ending tournaments	A farm	A wheel-chair
Libby Partridge	Is he attractive ?	Robbing the cradle	Eating	Smith	Love in an attic
Mary-Claire Rea	What goes on here ?	"Officious fools"	Playing "Miserère"	To see through all	Scrubbing floors in a hospital
Barbara Stokes	Well, yes !	Sister	Flitting	To gain!	President of Brazil
Margaret Turney	I'm in love !	Squirts	Tall, dark, and exceptionally good-looking	Model	Glamour-girl
Anna-Day Troup	(Censored)	Diets	Talking	To be tall and willowy	Waitress at lunch-counter in Eaton's basement
Charlotte Waterous	Ooooch !	Opening windows	Working	Senior Matric.	Mayoress of Brantford
Mabel Warburton	Hello !	Being told what to do	Reading funnies	To go to England	Debutante
Babs Young	It's amazing!	Ignorance	Mending stockings	Riding a motor-cycle	Women's Auxiliary

Tired limbs: sleepy head.
 Want to rest: go to bed.
 No I musn't: prep. to do.
 Alas! Alack! it's really true.
 Ah me: what a life.
 Fuss and worry: work and strife.
 Endless worry: every day.
 No, no: it doesn't pay.

A spring from bed,
 I touch my head,
 I touch my toe,
 I then say "no".

A spring to bed,
 I tuck my head,
 I go to sleep,
 And dream ahead.

M. AMBROSE, VIA.



A NIGHTMARE

Chickens, apples, cake and cans
 Are scattered on the floor,
 Arthur comes in with his broom
 And sweeps them through the door.

We gasp and run to save them,
 Alas, 'tis no avail!
 A crowd has gathered 'round them,
 She's calling out the mail!

"Three cans each!" she yells and yells,
 "Will no one take this tea!"
 She elevates the peanuts
 And scatters them with glee!

Peanuts rolling everywhere,
 Some candies, pop and pie:
 A ringing sounds beside me,
 My dream has floated by.

INK

You find it in the form rooms—
 You find it in the hall,
 You find it on the ceilings—
 And even on the wall!

It gives you minus five,
 And even minus ten!
 And suddenly you notice that—
 The top is off your pen!

Red, and Blue, and Green Ink,
 Seen splashed upon the chairs,
 Saturday up in the Gym,
 The girls are saying prayers!

"Please leave all ink in form rooms",
 Is plea that's sent to all—
 So if the ink is splashed about
 It won't be in the hall.

E. BEVAN, VB.

THE COMING OF SPRING

It was about the tenth of April. The snow had been gone for quite a while now, and the muddy, marshy season was coming to an end. Mr. Sun was very busy sending orders to South West Wind, Esquire and Sir Rain to get ready for the coming of Spring. Underneath the earth the flowers were getting ready to come up. The flowers who come up about June or July were giving many gay parties and other events for the Daffodils, Jonquils, Crocuses, Tulips and other flowers who were going to push themselves through the fresh soil as soon as the Sun sent his warm rays down.

"Oh, Rose, you don't know how I envy you not having to leave till June: This hustle and bustle we Spring flowers have to go through is simply awful. Mr. Sun said he was going to pull us through on Tuesday, the day after to-morrow. No sooner are we all ready to go than he says he cannot start till Thursday. I don't know what I am going to do, going to all these parties; they are just wearing me out," complained a Jonquil.

"Now, Jonny dear, you know you love these parties, the hustle and bustle too. You complained all winter long that there was not anything to do but sleep, and how you were supposed to do that all year was more than you could understand. But never mind now; you will be late for the dance."

And off they went to the dance. Miss Pansy greeted them and took them to the ballroom. She led them over to the refreshment table, where Diana Daffodil, Catherine Crocus, Gladys Geranium, "Zip" Zinnia, Philip Peony and Sallie Snowdrop were having something to eat.

"Hello, Jonny, Hi, Rose," they all said. "Zip" and Philip poured them something to drink and passed them something to eat. "Well, Jonny, are you getting excited to leave?" asked Philip.

"No, I'd much rather stay here and go up with Rose", answered Jonny.

"Oh, how could you? Diana, Catherine and I are just dying to leave. Just think, we will be up there together, with Mr. Sun shining down on us and all the world awakening." Sallie Snowdrop was interrupted by Lady Sweet-Pea.

"Hello, my dear, how are you?" she asked.

"I'm fine, thank you", replied Sallie.

"When are you leaving?"

"I think on Thursday", replied Sallie.

"Well, dear, in case I do not see you before you go, I'll say 'good-bye' now".

"Good-bye, Lady Sweet-Pea". Lady Sweet-Pea kissed her and then walked off.

"Nice old lady", said Diana.

"Yes, she is a great friend of my mother's," replied Sallie.

"What are you going to be like when you bloom, "Zip"?" asked Diana.

"Oh, I am going to be yellow. My gown is going to be straight, and then fluff all around the top", answered Diana.

"I'm going to be purple", Catherine said proudly.

"I'm going to be small and white. I will have a dress something like a bluebell," said Sallie.

"You are all going to be pretty", replied Philip.

Just then some partners came over, and asked Rose, Jonny, Gladys and Sallie to dance, as the music had just begun.

Far up in the sky, Mr. Sun was sitting at his desk. The stars are his helpers and messengers. Once upon a time you could never see the stars at all; that was a long time ago. Mr. Sun hired them to work for him, and for their pay he gives them bright, bright coats every night, so that you can see them.

"Star-dust, send a messenger to Sir Rain to rain all to-morrow, so that I may pull the flowers through on Thursday. They must be getting pretty anxious".

"Yes, sir," replied Star-dust.

"Oh yes, and take this letter to South West Wind, Esquire, will you?"

Star-dust went and got a pad of paper and a pencil. "Are you ready?" asked Mr. Sun. Star-dust nodded, and Mr. Sun started:

"South-West Wind Esquire.

Please do not blow strongly on Easter day; just enough to have a little breeze, as I am going to make it quite hot. I hear the women are wearing their hair up, and little hats that sit on top of their heads. That is the main reason I do not want you to blow

hard. I would not like to see their hats blown off and their hair come down. They would look too untidy for Easter, when everyone is supposed to look their best. Please see that my order is carried out.

Wishing you a very happy Easter,

Yours truly,
The Great Sun."

"See that that letter goes out as soon as possible, Star-dust," ordered Mr. Sun.

"I'll do it right away, sir," replied Star-dust.

"And don't forget about notifying Sir Rain".

"No sir". Star-dust went off to perform these duties, leaving Mr. Sun alone finishing his plans.

It was Wednesday night. The flowers were preparing to leave the next day. It had rained all day, just as Mr. Sun had ordered. The flowers were very busy and excited; they had a farewell party that night. Although they were dying to go, they were a little mournful at leaving their friends behind.

The next morning they were all at the station, or the point where Mr. Sun was going to pull them through. All their friends were there to see them off.

"Oh, Rose, I do not want to leave you," sobbed Jonny.

"Now, don't be silly, dear. You will just love it once you are there," comforted Rose.

"Yes, I suppose so", was Jonny's reply. Just then Sallie Snowdrop rushed over.

"Oh, Jonny, guess what! I am going to stand beside you!"

"Are you?"

"Yes. There is not enough room for me with all the other snowdrops."

"Oh, how nice!" said Jonny, cheering up, for she liked Sallie and knew that they would have a wonderful time together. All the flowers were saying good-bye to each other now, as they began to feel the Sun's warm rays. "Zip" and Philip dashed over to say good-bye to Jonny. Then the sun grew hotter and hotter; they were off!

"Good-bye! Good-bye!" was the general cry, as the flowers started on their journey upward.

HOPE DAVIDSON, VB.



IVA and VB

WHAT I'D LIKE TO SEE

Rahno Aitken.....	Not giggling in class.
Beatrice Angus.....	Not writing lines for Mrs. Starr.
Judy Baker.....	Not day-dreaming.
Nancy Baldwin.....	Not singing after lights out.
Nancy Campbell.....	Not having an arithmetic return.
Elaine-Ann Casgrain....	Not mad at —?
Hope Davidson.....	Not up before the rising bell.
Margaret McCuaig.....	Without an order mark.
Marie Norman.....	With her mouth shut.
Jean Ross.....	Without a pain.

MARGARET MCCUAUG.
NANCY BALDWIN.

THE FEAST

Part I—

Mrs. Starr is sleeping; at
Least that's what we think.
"Oh, Nancy, won't you hurry?
I'm dying for a drink."

George, the night watchman,
Is just going by;
And if we aren't quiet
Our plans will go sky-high.

Bea, don't forget the flashlight,
And please get off my toe,
The cupboard door is locked?
O gosh! Where shall we go?

Rahno's cut her finger,
And Jean's a bloody nose,
What's going to happen next
Heaven only knows.

Hope is having trouble
Holding up her clothes;
Judy, please stop laughing
Or Elaine will hold your nose.

Part II—

Our meeting-place will be to-night
The attic with its lofty height;
With cobwebs curling all around
We stretch our bodies on the ground.

Reposing there in luxury
The chicken is awaiting me;
A bottle wrapped in cellophane . . .
I dare not tell its rightful name!

Footsteps are heard down in the hall,
A mistress creeping near the wall;
Our light is spied; we cannot hide;
Our game is up . . . Oh well, we tried!

M. McCUAIG, VB.

VA—HAVE YOU EVER?

Have you ever seen Ann Ewens,
When she wasn't being a tease?
Or Betty Ferne Krauser
When she was perfectly at ease?

Have you ever seen Patsy Kirkpatrick
Smiling and standing up straight,
Or Helen Hooper not chewing
And making you the bait?

Have you ever seen Nancy Boyd
With dirty hands or face,
Or Anna Kathrine Martin
Leave something out of place?

Have you ever seen Elizabeth Bevan
With her nose outside a book,
Or Connie Taylor greet you
With a real unpleasant look?

Have you ever seen Virginia Stannard
When she wasn't cracking jokes
Or a face that was contented
On a girl named Audrey Stokes?

Have you ever taken notice
Of the girls in V-A form?
They are the worst bunch of gossipers—
It sounds just like a storm.

If you don't agree with this
You know what you can do,
For the girls have all admitted
That the whole poem is true.

EILEEN BIRKS, *Form VA.*

DAWN

In the early morn,
When the day is born,
And the sun gets out of bed,
He rubs his eyes
In great surprise,
As he tosses
His sleepy head.

M. McCUAIG, VB.



SUGARING OFF

In the spring when the sap starts running the farmers put out tin cans and attach them to the maple trees. When there is quite a lot in the tins they empty it into a big barrel. They take this sap and boil it till it turns to La Tire; some of this they boil longer and it turns to sugar. The wife of the farmer usually pours this into shapes and lets it cool; it then turns hard. Most of the La Tire is left, and poured into tins or boxes. We eat it the way it is, or put it on snow until it hardens, or beat it to "maple cream".

When the farmer's work is done he tells Miss Gillard there is sugaring. She tells us at noon and there is much cheering. If we have no money we go to Miss Keyzer and get twenty-five

cents. We go down and eat our fill. There is a lot of sighing if someone gets left without a piece of sugar. "Who was that greedy one, or was I the slow-poke?"

When it is time for us to go home there is a stream of girls from the woods to the school. Girls with sugar, girls with La Tire, studying their lessons, are seen about here.

The form rooms are an awful mess, all stuck up with sugar. The girls, at the time, think of the last two lines of Arthur S. Bournot's poem, "Four Seasons":

"In Spring when maple syrup comes,
We think the Spring is best."

JUDY A. BAKER, IVA.

THE RIGHTFUL TRUTH

From Superior to the Rockies,
Across this barren land,
Ride the red-coat mounties
On thoroughbreds so grand.

When the mounties are on "duty"
They're always spick and span,
And when they're chasing criminals
They never miss their man.

But when they are off "duty"
And Commissioner's not 'round,
They sit around their tables
And play poker, I'll be bound.

In line they pass inspection
Before they go to drill,
Their horses at attention,
They stand so very still.

But when they are off "duty"
They have to learn the morse,
For the training is not easy
Of the R.C.M.P. force.

The mounties' reputation
Is known on every hand,
Because they hold the honour
And protection of the land.

MARIE NORMAN, VB.

A SUNBURN

What silly girls to sit all day
Who never really want to play,
And lie around with stockings down,
And wonder if its dirt or brown,
Our backs get red, and our faces sore,
But we always come back for more and more,
We plaster oil from head to foot;
An awful mess I'm sure we look;
What's going to come, time will only tell
I'm sorry girls but there goes the bell.

MARGARET McCaIG, VB.
NANCY BALDWIN, IVA.

AN ANT IN A GARDEN

It was a fine day and the sun was at its best.
Underground, in a little house, lived Mr. Ant,
Mrs. Ant and Baby ant. Baby ant said to his
mother, "May I please go for a walk in the
garden?" The mother ant said, "Yes, of course,
my dear, but don't go too far away."

Baby ant took with him a little bottle of milk,
some cookies and a few sandwiches. After he had
gone away he said to himself, "My, but every-
thing is big". He soon came to a very large
tree and oh, it looked large to him. All the
flowers looked like big trees, only with flowers
at the top. The trees looked like great giants
ready to jump and eat him up. Once the poor
little ant saw something awfully big coming
towards him. He did not know what to do so
he ran. It was a man, and he almost stepped on
the poor little ant.

After a very long walk of three days he reached
the other side of the garden. There he found
some other ants who were very nice to him, and
he told them all he had seen. They gave him
food and a new set of shoes to go back home.

When he got back home you can imagine all
that he had to tell his mother and father. He
was a very proud little ant.

RAHNO AITKEN, VB.

LE PALAIS DU LOUVRE

La ligne merveilleuse du palais du Louvre se
voit sur la rive droite de Paris. Ce palais est très
historique et intéressant.

La partie la plus ancienne fut commencée
par les français sous le règne de Philippe Au-
guste. Le vieux Louvre, comme nous l'appelons
aujourd'hui, fut bâti en l'année 1541. Il servait
autrefois de fort, d'arsenal, de prison et quel-
quefois de palais pour les rois. Maintenant il
contient la plus grande et peut-être la plus
célèbre collection de peintures du monde entier.

Le Louvre contient aussi une grande collection
de sculptures et de gravures.

ANN EWENS, VA.

MISTRESSES and MOVIES

Miss Gillard.....	Love, Honour and Behave.
Miss Brewer.....	The Cowboy and the Lady.
Miss DeWitt.....	The Women Men Marry.
Miss Eaton.....	The Mysterious Miss X
Miss Gurd.....	That Certain Age.
Miss Harrison.....	Dramatic School.
Miss Huntley.....	I Am the Law.
Miss Keyzer.....	Too Hot to Handle.
Miss Lindsay.....	Suez.
Two Miss Mastens....	Made for Each Other.
Miss McKim.....	Midnight.
Miss Robertson.....	Artists and Models.
Miss Rootham.....	Alexander's Ragtime Band.
Miss Royer.....	I Met Him in Paris.
Miss Sampson.....	This Marriage Business.
Mrs. Starr.....	Bringing Up Baby.
Miss Wallace.....	Professor Beware.
Miss Wainwright...	The Hurricane.
School.....	Prison Without Bars.

M. McCUAIG.
N. BALDWIN.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I'm going to be,
Just like our sturdy old oak tree.

The bark outside is hard and brown,
Nor does it flinch, when snow comes down.

Through wind and snow and rain and hail,
The old oak stands, nor does it quail.

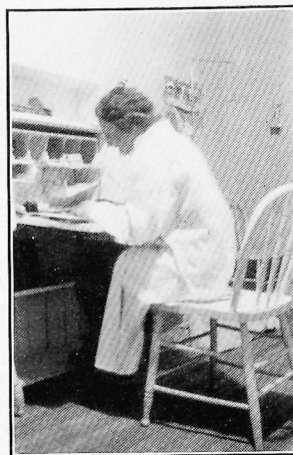
It bends and shakes, quivers and bows,
But yet it stands, when cold winds howl.

Yet after these have passed away,
The faithful oak would wish to say:

"My clothes are bark, my heart is wood,
But still I stand, as my fathers stood."

So now you see, why I want to be
Just like our sturdy old oak tree.

MARIE NORMAN; VB.



THE DISPENSARY

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LEAD PENCIL

I was standing in a forest in the north of Canada. There was a path in front of me leading to a large city. One afternoon about two-thirty, three men came along the path. They stopped in front of me and said, "This will do." So they took their axes and saws and began to cut me down. It hurt very much indeed, but finally it was over. They left me there on the ground all night. It was very damp and uncomfortable on the ground.

The next day they came and took me to a factory, and proceeded to cut me into very small pieces. I was then made into a lead pencil and painted green.

I was taken to a shop and put with many other pencils, all of the same kind. I was bought by a school mistress and taken to school. I was taken out in the morning and given to a little girl who seemed to be very nervous. One day she forgot her arithmetic. The mistress scolded her and said, "If you don't get those sums done I will give you minus ten." The little girl was very scared and bit me all to pieces. I was then taken away from her and thrown into a garbage can. From there I was taken to the dump and left for ever.

BEATRICE ANGUS, VB.

THE PACIFIC OCEAN

The sea, the sea, the rolling sea;
Oh how I long to be with thee,
The waves which roll so very high,
Which swells below the deep blue sky.

The children playing on the sand,
And older people getting tanned,
The Shetland ponies trotting along,
It seems that nothing can go wrong.

The ships that sail upon the breast
Of my dear sea; that stretches west
Until they sink below the sky
But still they go with the running tide.

The golden sand which lies beside;
On which the little ponies ride
And where the sun-tanned people lie
Who look up at the blue, blue sky.

If it wasn't for the ocean blue
What would I ever, ever do?
All summer I'd be very bored,
And then I'd think I'd been ignored.

JUDY A. BAKER, IVA.

"Wuthering Heights",
"Suez",

January 5, 19....

Dear "Jezebel",

Your "Letter of Introduction" concerning "Zaza" was a "Topper". "Thanks for Everything".

How is the "Love Affair" of "Young Dr. Kildare?" The last time I was in "Kentucky" I saw him with your "Four Daughters."

On New Year's eve I went to "The Great Waltz" in "Dodge City". At "Midnight" they played the "Drums".

Dad won't "Let us Live" here much longer, as "The Lady Objects" to us being "Carefree". Just yesterday she told us we were "Fools for Scandal". Even so "Merrily we Live".

Love,

"Rosalie."

N. BOYD, VA.

J. MORRISEY, VIB.

JACK FROST AS AN ARTIST

In the cold November nights when the wind blows, and the snow falls, and the trees rock, those are the nights when Jack Frost prints his lovely pictures on our window panes. He comes when all the people are asleep, and he first takes his brush, and calls to the wind to sweep snow and ice on to it. Then with his icy fingers, he freezes the window on which he is working. After that, he dips his brush on the window, with the snow and ice on it, and draws magnificent crystal pictures of trees, lakes, streams, clouds, sweeping skies, and snowflakes of different patterns and sizes. These beautiful drawings remain until morning when the mean sun melts them away or when children destroy them with their fingers.

When the first sign of dawn appears, Jack Frost has finished his work, and the wind comes once again to carry him away, far up in cold air to his home. Jack must live where it is cold as that is how he keeps alive.

We never see Jack Frost's artistic drawings on our windows in the summer, and only on very cold nights in winter, because he cannot come where it is warm, as he is only a person of frost.

Every cold night Jack seems to pay us a visit and he always seems to find different pictures to design our windows with each night.

HELEN HOOPER, VA.

VA—FAVOURITE EXPRESSIONS

Elizabeth Bevan:—Heavens, I haven't finished *half* of my prep !

Eileen Birks:—Oh, I could *kill* her !!

Nancy Boyd:—How *amazing* !!

Ann Ewens:—Yes, I know, but that's *not* the point !

Helen Hooper:—Oh, *Anna* !

Patsy Kirkpatrick:—It's my *mother's* fault !

Betty Krauser:—But don't let it *worry* you !!

Anna Martin:—Oh, *Helen* !

Virginia Stannard:—Oh, *aren't* you funny !

Audrey Stokes:—What about *yourself* !

Connie Taylor:—Oh, I know *her or him* !

VA Form:—What *does* she think we are ?

HELEN HOOPER and ANNA MARTIN.



HOUSES

MONTCALM

M.-C. REA
Head of House

A. Esler
T. Franklin
B. Fraser
N. Gilmour
R. Harris
O. Jones
E. Lyman
M. Warburton
M. Turney

RIDEAU

E. PARTRIDGE
Head of House

MATRIC

M. Aldous
J. Armstrong
A. Barker
J. Butler
C. Cate
J. Holton
H. Kelley
B. Stokes
A.-D. Troup

MACDONALD

M. DAVIS, *Head Girl*

M. LEWIS
Head of House

B. Cole
D. Dawes
N. Foster
N.-L. Franklin
B. Young

VIA

B. Anderson
S. Chapman
H. Corbett
N. Fairley
H. Findlay
N. Hughson
S. Perkins

M. Aitken
P. Beeman
E. Elder
E. Hume
J. Jenckes
F. Moffatt
J. Stanger

M. Ambrose
E. Belton
J. Harvie
J. Holt
N. Logan
G. Partridge
F. Robinson
J. Spafford
B. Struthers

ARTS

A. Gooderham
T. Luton
D. Schwartz
B. Shuter
M. Whitehead

J. Holland
E. Johnston
C. Mackeen

J. Beckett
A. Cameron
E. Newcombe
D. Steven

SCHOOL RECORD (Continued)

MONTCALM

RIDEAU

MACDONALD

VIb

S. Hanson
M. Porter

F. Franklin
S. Little
P. MacDowell
M. Molson
J. Morrissey

E. Constantine
S. Haas
J. Denman
F. Kelley
E. McCrea

VA

B. Krauser
A. Martin
V. Stannard

E. Birks
A. Ewens
A. Stokes

E. Bevan
N. Boyd
H. Hooper
P. Kirkpatrick
C. Taylor

VB and IVa

B. Angus
H. Davidson
M. McCuaig
M. Norman
T. Ross

E.-A. Casgrain
R. Aitken

J. Baker
N. Baldwin
N. Campbell



MATRIC ACTIVITIES

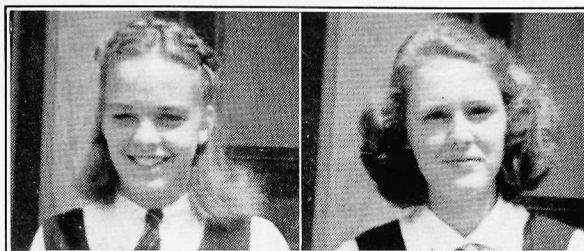


MARY ALDOUS

JUNE ARMSTRONG
Hockey (sub) '39; Liter-
ary Society, '39.

TONY BARKER
Magazine Committee, '38
and '39.

JEAN BUTLER
Basketball, '38;
Hockey, '39.



CARLOINE CATE

Basketball, '39; Hockey, '38 and '39; Choir, '38 and '39.

BERYS COLE

Badminton Form Double Champion '39; Runner-up '38.

JUNIOR D

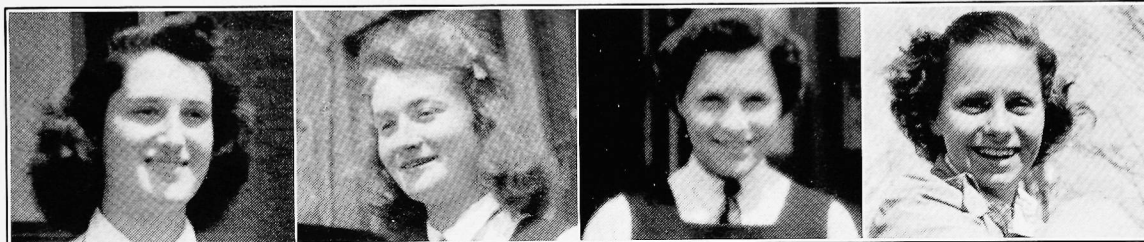
The first term was spent in Dramatics and Choral Dramatics, stories were plays from them. We also which we recited in our

We all presented "The Dickens. There were was at school, head of House, '38; Gym. Cup '35 and '36; Literary Society Programme Committee, '39; Choir, '36-'39; Hockey, '35-'39; Basketball, '35-'39.



DIANA DAWES

Choir '39.



AUDREY ESLER

Hockey '39; Basketball, '37; Gym. Cup, '37; Magazine Committee '36; Badminton Singles runner-up, '36; Badminton doubles, '36.

NANCY FOSTER

Hockey, '39.

JEAN FRANKLIN

Choir, '38-'39; Basketball '38-'39; Hockey '38-'39.

NINA LEE FRANKLIN

Literary Society Treasurer '39; Hockey, '39; Sec'y. for Charities, '39.



BEBE FRASER

Hockey, '37; Basketball, '37-'38.

NANCY GILMOUR

Choir, '37-'39

RUTH HARRIS

Choir '37-'39; Tennis Singles and Doubles Champion '38; Form Capt. '36; Basketball '37-'38; Hockey '38-'39; Badminton Singles Runner-up '36; Gym. '36.

JANE HOLTON

Literary Society Programme Committee '39; Hockey (sub) '39.

SCHOOL RECORD

RID



OLWEN JONES
Choir '37-'39; Literary
Society '39; Magazine
Committee '39.

F. Franklin
S. Little
P. MacDow
M. Molson
Badminton Form Captain
Champion '39; Form Doubles
Champion '39; Runner-up
School '39.



MARJORIE LEWIS
Head of House '39; Hockey
'39; Basketball '39;
Form Captain '39.



ELIZABETH LYMAN
Sports Captain '39; Hockey
'39; Basketball '39;
Form Captain '39.



ELIZABETH PARTRIDGE
Head of House '39; Badminton
Doubles '36; Form Captain
'37-'38; Basketball '38-'39;



MARY-CLAIRE REA
Head of House '39; Prefect
'38; Asst. Editor of
Magazine '39; Magazine
Committee '32 and '38;
Basketball '38-'39; Choir
'36-'39; Literary Society
President '39.
Hockey, '36, '38, '39.



BARBARA STOKES
Hockey '38-'39.



MARGARET TURNEY
Hockey '38; Basketball
'39; Choir '37-'39.



ANNA-DAY TROUP
Literary Society Program-
me Committee '39; Hockey
'39; Choir '39.



MABEL WARBURTON
Basketball '38; Hockey
'38-'39.



CHARLOTTE WATEROUS
Hockey '39.



BABS YOUNG
Literary Society Secretary
'39; Magazine Committee
'39.

N.B. Hockey and Basketball dates refer to either Form or House Teams.

SENIOR DRAMATICS

With the valuable help of Miss Masten, many good plays have been produced this year.

During the first term VIA produced "The Romancers", in which Jane Holt and Sydney Perkins were the hero and heroine; and "The Rivals", in which Helen Corbett took the part of Mrs. Malaprop. Barbara Anderson and Meg Aitken were the two lovers.

In the middle of the second term this form produced the second scene of "Make-Believe". Helen Corbett and Joan Stanger were the two small children, and Nancy Logan made a very successful governess. They also gave an excellent performance of "The Valiant", a tragedy. Jane Holt and Gloria Partridge took the leading parts.

The "Arts" form did a fine bit of acting in "The Aunt from California". Mickey Davis took the leading role. During the second term they produced "The Doctor's Affair". Mickey Davis made a very good doctor and Diana Schwartz a nurse.

VIB has entertained us with "The Taming of Sue", in which Janet Morrissey and Susy Haas played the leading roles. They also gave "The Prince and the Pauper", Frances Franklin and Audrey Stokes taking the leading parts.

At Christmas time "Why the Chimes Rang" was produced. People from every form took the different parts and the play was very effectively performed.

We are hoping that three plays will be put on during our final term; "The Valiant", and "Ashes of Roses" by VIA; and "Buddy Buys an Orchid" by VIB.

We want to thank Miss Masten for all the time she has spent directing our plays; also Miss Harrison for designing and making our costumes and Miss Robertson for the scenery.

F. MOFFATT, VIA.

JUNIOR DRAMATICS

The first term was spent mainly on Creative Dramatics and Choral Speaking. In Creative Dramatics, stories were read to us, and we made plays from them. We all learned several poems, which we recited in unison.

We all presented "The Christmas Carol", by Dickens. There were three scenes. The first was at Scrooge's office, the second, at the home of Bob Cratchit, and the third was also at the office. Anna Martin portrayed a very good Scrooge, and Ann Ewens as Bob Cratchit, was a typical harried clerk.

The second term IVA and VB gave the "Bunnies Easter Quiz." Margaret McCuaig took the leading part of Professor Hare, and she acted the part remarkably well. Rahno Aitken was a little girl, and Marie Norman was an old woman. The others were all rabbits. There was only one scene, which took place in a school.

The introduction of "Make Believe" was given by IVA and VB. Judy Baker had the main part; she was Rosemary, and was supposed to have been writing the play "Make Believe". Nancy Campbell was James, the butler, who helped Rosemary with the play that she was writing. The rest of IVA and VB were the inquisitive children who gave Rosemary suggestions for her play.

"The Princess and the Woodcutter", was presented by VA. Ann Ewens acted the part of the woodcutter, and Audrey Stokes was the Princess, who eventually married him. Nancy Boyd and Connie Taylor were the King and Queen. Helen Hooper, Patsy Kirkpatrick and Virginia Stannard were princes, who wanted to marry the princess. They all acted their parts exceedingly well.

All the plays were produced by Miss Masten, whom we all want to thank for her careful instruction.

Miss Harrison spent much of her spare time making costumes, which we all appreciated very much.

E. BEVAN, VA.

THE MISTRESSES' PLAYS

On the evening of Friday, March tenth, the staff presented three plays. We had been looking forward to this event for several weeks while the mistresses rehearsed with great secrecy behind closed doors.

The first play, "Overtones", was a short character sketch of two women, played by Miss Sampson and Miss Wainwright. Over the tea-cups they discuss families and friends, pleasantly enough on the surface, but in her heart each woman is bitterly jealous of the success the other has made of her life. In the background stand their other selves played by Miss Harrison and Miss Lindsay, who reveal what each woman is really thinking.

The second play, "A Partridge in a Pear Tree", was written by Miss Harrison. It was the story of a small-town scandal. Three old maids, played by Miss Masten, as a bespectacled school mistress, her younger and mystery-loving sister, Miss Gillard, and Miss McCallum, are very much shocked at the actions of their neighbour (Miss Robertson), whom they suspect on the flimsiest evidence, of having murdered her niece. After a great deal of parlour gossip and cross-questioning of the harassed neighbour, we learn that she is a harmless enough creature, quite innocent of wrongdoing.

The plot was clever and amusing. We wish Miss Harrison would write more plays for the school, both to act and to watch.

The third play, "A World Without Men", was the story of a young girl reporter who calls to interview a famous woman scientist. She falls asleep in the scientist's office while waiting for her, and dreams that the scientist has invited several women friends (all avowed men-haters like herself) to be present on her greatest day, the peak of her career. By the power of "the force", she destroys all the men in the world. Unfortunately, through "the *nth* chance", one man is left alive. The scientist is beside herself with rage. Her friends turn against her and pursue the unlucky male. Too late, the scientist learns that men have their place in the scheme of things.

The cast of "A World Without Men" was as follows:

Madame Pavel.....	Miss DeWitt.
Miss Whisper.....	Miss Gurd.
Mrs. Smith.....	Miss McCallum.
Mrs. Jones.....	Miss Rootham.
Mrs. Brown.....	Mademoiselle Royer.
Mrs. Robinson.....	Miss Wallace.

Members of the staff who did not act on the stage, gave invaluable assistance behind the scenes. Miss Eaton, Miss Brewer, and Miss Masten prompted.

The mistresses' plays are the big dramatic event of the year. This time, as usual, the plays were voted "the best yet."

J. HOLTON, *Matric.*

JUNIOR RECITAL

On the eighth of March the Junior School gave a recital for the Staff. VB and IVA together recited three poems, *Charlie Chipmunk*, *The Chewy Child* and *Jonathan Bing*, and VA recited *The Pirate Don Durk of Dundee*. The music pupils entertained us with some piano solos, those who played being Anna Martin, Elizabeth Bevan, Beatrice Angus, and Judy Baker. We also heard a very pretty song by Nancy Baldwin. Poems were recited by Connie Taylor, Margaret McCuaig, Rahno Aitken, Hope Davidson and Jean Ross. Miss Masten and Miss Rootham very kindly sang some solos and a duet, which were thoroughly enjoyed.

The last item on the programme was a play called "The Bunnies' Easter Quiz". Margaret McCuaig took the part of Professor Hare, Marie Norman was the old woman, and Rahno Aitken a little girl. The Easter Bunnies were Hope Davidson, Nancy Campbell, Beatrice Angus, Nancy Baldwin, Judy Baker, and Jean Ross. They all looked very sweet in their bunny costumes. When the play was over, the Easter bunnies hopped down off the stage and presented the audience with Easter Eggs.

M. DAVIS.

MUSIC

Every year we have a recital of the works of some special composer. This year we had a Schumann evening, which was particularly interesting as so many of the mistresses both played and sang for us. An account of this is given on another page.

There were three concerts at Sherbrooke, for which most of us bought season tickets. Alas ! we heard only one of them, as the roads were blocked so that we were unable to attend the other two. However, hearing the beautiful singing of Rose Bampton was felt to be ample compensation.

Last term we were privileged to have Miss Maxwell-Lyte give a performance for us, singing in many different languages. We were also glad to have Miss Snowdon give a lecture on Seventeenth century music, improving our knowledge of the composers of that time.

To our great joy, a new organ has been installed in the Church, and the first Sunday it was there, Mr. Leonard Bewes gave a recital for us. Needless to say, it has done much to improve our singing in church, and has created more enthusiasm among members of the choir.

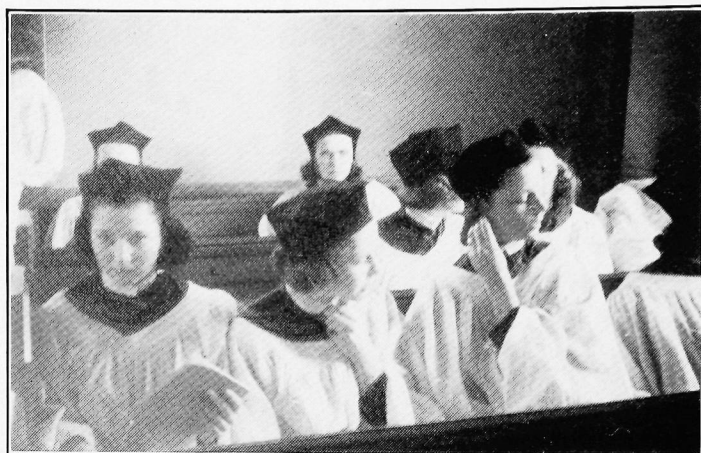
This term we have arranged House singing competitions, carried out by the girls themselves. At the time of going to press, these have not yet been decided.

An orchestra has been formed, mistresses and girls being equally eligible to join. Although we have not yet had time to give any performances, we want to thank Miss Huntley for the time she has taken in leading it, and for the treat she has promised us (a good feast at Mrs. Carr's). We all hope the orchestra will be a great success next year.

We were very pleased to have the Glee Club from Bishop's University come to perform for us. The programme was very well carried out, and towards the end we were all chiming in.

Music lovers would like to thank Miss Gillard for letting us go to her house to listen to broadcasts of the Philharmonic Orchestra on Sunday afternoons.

R. HARRIS, *Matric.*



A MUSICAL EVENING

On the thirteenth of November some of the music pupils and several of the musically-minded staff joined in giving the school a musical evening, in which Robert Schumann was the composer of all the pieces performed. The evening began at eight o'clock.

Miss Gillard read a paper on Schumann's life and works, and then the actual musical part of the performance began. Several piano solos were played, among which were the well-known "Traumerei" and the erratic "Gullen". Mlle Royer played charmingly as did several of the girls.

Miss Huntley and Miss Rootham played a two piano duet, "Andante with Variations"—a very well rendered selection.

There were also several songs sung by members of the staff, of which a vocal duet by Miss Rootham and Miss Masten was a highlight. Miss Masten also sang beautifully several solos, and Miss Gurd sang the lovely "Thine Image Pure."

The evening was altogether an outstanding success, one which, it is hoped, will be repeated later in the year.

OLWEN JONES.

DRAMATIC EVENING by MR. DICKSON-KENWIN

On March 2nd, Mr. Dickson-Kenwin entertained the school. The programme for the evening consisted of the following:—

Opening Song—by the Senior Girls.

Cameos from Shakespeare, including:—

Jaques, Falstaff, Cardinal Wolsey, Macbeth
Prospero, Caliban, Hamlet, Ghost.

Piano Solo—Diana Dawes.

Scene from "The Bells" (in costume).

Mr. Dickson-Kenwin was assisted by Meg Aitken in this scene.

Characters from Dickens, including:—

Micawber, Uriah Heep, Sykes, Fagin, a
humorous sketch.

Piano Solo—Olwen Jones.

Scene from "A Tale of Two Cities" (in costume) Sydney Carton.

Vocal Duet—Miss Masten, Miss Rootham.

Odds and ends from Repertoire.

Imitations.

Many encores were called for.

Mr. Dickson-Kenwin came to the school, under the auspices of the Literary Society. Everybody had a thoroughly good time, and we expect Mr. Dickson-Kenwin again towards the end of May.

E. HUME.

THREE MUSICAL EVENINGS

On March eleventh Miss Maxwell-Lyte entertained us with some charming folk songs, which she had collected from all over the world. She wore a beautiful red and silver dress, with an underskirt of silver. In some of her songs she used the overskirt as a cloak, or in some other way used it to illustrate the action. In one it was a baby. We enjoyed her singing tremendously, and hope she will come again some day.

Miss Snowdon gave us a very interesting lecture on April first. She told us all about music during the Post-Restoration period, and showed us many beautiful slides of the musicians of that time. She also played some of the music that was popular then. This was the second lecture

that Miss Snowdon has given us, and we hope that she will give us another very soon.

On Tuesday, May the ninth, the U.B.C. Glee Club sang for us. They had a good variety of songs, some beautiful old ones, such as *Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes* and *All Through the Night*; some College songs, such as *Alma Mater*, and some part songs. Mr. Sidney Meade sang some beautiful solos, and Mr. Cecil Meade played two of his own piano compositions. The hit of the evening was *Ich bin ein Musikherr*, a song in which the other singers answered the "Musikherr" in chorus, and imitated the various instruments of the German band. In the encore, the girls also joined in. There were about twenty-five in the club. It was a very enjoyable evening, and we are looking forward greatly to their next performance.

THE DANCE

King's Hall, Compton, held a formal dance on November fourth, at nine o'clock. There was a ten-piece orchestra led by Rollie Badger, which played particularly well, as everyone agreed. Many people attended, both young and old, and everyone had a wonderful time.

The School was decorated very well by the "Decorating Committee". The most striking effect was a school crest drawn by Miss Robertson, and some of the girls.

Between dances, punch was served—just outside the entrance to the dance floor. This was very delicious and especially refreshing after one of Mr. Badger's faster pieces.

Supper was served in the dining room at eleven o'clock, consisting of sandwiches, cookies, cake and ice cream, as well as coffee and milk.

The dancing started again at about twelve o'clock. During the latter part of the dance, three clarinet players came out on the floor, and really showed everyone how it was done.

The dance ended at one o'clock a.m., and after many lengthy "goodbyes", everyone was gone. By a quarter to two everyone was in bed, and most of them asleep. We all enjoyed the dance very much and hope to have a repetition of it next year.

C. CATE, *Matric.*

IN THE STUDIO

In the studio this year some very good work has been done under the kind instruction of Miss Robertson. Painting, drawing in charcoal or pen and ink, design, and craft work of various kinds have all been attempted.

The chief subjects for art have been still life, landscape, design, posters, and figure drawing (girls acting as models). In crafts, rugs have been made, and some lovely designs worked into wood, leather and cloth.

During the first term the Juniors modelled and painted masks of papier-mâché for the Seven Dwarfs, and wore them at the Hallowe'en Masquerade. They managed to secure a prize for their hard work ! In the second term everyone helped draw and paint a huge tropical scene on canvas, for the second act of "Make-Believe". In the latter part of the year, Miss Robertson has worked very hard to gather information about and pictures by famous artists, from early times till the present day. Classes have been held on these pictures, and I am sure we all feel we know a great deal more about certain artists.


In the Senior School, one girl is taking her Matric. in Art, but crafts have been on the whole more popular, whereas the Juniors have done more Art.

Every Saturday morning a group of girls meet for special art lessons. Several excursions have been made outdoors, which we hope will be continued during the warmer weather.

Plans are under way for a competition between the forms. Each form is to take a corner of the studio, and a prize will be given for the best decorated corner.

We all wish to thank Miss Robertson very much for the time and individual attention she has put into our classes, to make them so instructive and enjoyable.

P. BEEMAN, VIA.



HALLOWE'EN

This year, on October the twenty-ninth, the Matrics, according to custom, entertained the rest of the girls and staff with a very enjoyable programme.

The old gym was decorated with devil posters and the orchestra sat at one end. All around the gym were tables and chairs, and at the opposite end of the gym was a table, where the refreshments were served.


The orchestra, which was composed of most of the girls in the Matric, was dressed in black devil's costumes with gold horns and belts, except the leader, who was dressed in red. Although the orchestra was a rather tinny affair, the music was distinguishable and the rhythm quite good. About half way through the evening a floor show, in which all the talented girls of the school took part, was presented. Among the many features was a Hawaiian Dance by Sydney Perkins, who afterwards presented her flowers to Miss Gillard, whom they suited very well indeed.

Most of the mistresses dressed up in fancy costumes which were very original and looked as if a good deal of thought and care had been taken in making them.

To add to the Hallowe'en festivities on the night of Hallowe'en a party supper was given, and the food was exceptionally good. All the maids dressed as witches, and a few of the men dressed as ghosts, owls, and bats.

With both these events coming so close together, I am sure that the Hallowe'en week of nineteen thirty-eight will long be remembered by all.

BARBARA STOKES.



SCHOOL CALENDAR

- Sept. 14th—School opened.
- Oct. 6th—Hart House String Quartette at U.B.C.
- Oct. 7th—Thanksgiving week-end.
- Oct. 21st—School to Sherbrooke Horse Show.
- Oct. 29th—Hallowe'en Masquerade.
- Oct. 30th—Hallowe'en Supper.
- Nov. 4th—School Dance.
- Nov. 5th—Half term Holiday.
- Nov. 8th—B.C.S. plays.
- Nov. 13th—Musical evening.
- Nov. 22nd—Talk on Oxford by Miss Deneke.
- Dec. 7th—Rose Bampton Community Concert in Sherbrooke.
- Dec. 11th—Carol Service and play.
- Dec. 16th—End of term.

—o—

- Jan. 10th—Beginning of term.
- Feb. 4th—Sleigh-ride. Exhibition by Badminton Champions, the Misses Mowatt.
- Feb. 21st—Sugar social at Church.
- Feb. 22nd—Holiday.
- Mar. 2nd—Dramatic recital by Mr. Dickson Kenwin.
- Mar. 10th—Staff plays.
- Mar. 11th—Holiday. Dramatic singing recital by Miss Maxwell-Lyte.
- April 1st—Musical recital and lecture by Miss Snowdon.
- April 2nd—Organ recital by Mr. Leonard Bewes.
- April 5th—End of term.

- April 19th—Beginning of term.
- April 26th—Play at U.B.C., "Laburnum Grove".
- May 9th—U.B.C. Glee Club Concert at King's Hall.
- May 17th—Holiday.
- May 18th—Holiday. Their Majesties the King and Queen at Montreal.
- May 19th—"The Pirates of Penzance" at B.C.S.
- May 20th—Confirmation by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Quebec.
- June 10th—The Closing.

LITERARY SOCIETY

During the winter some of the girls interested in English Literature, formed a Literary Society. It was hoped that the society would help the girls overcome self-consciousness, give them a feeling of public responsibility, and bring them into contact with good literature.

During the year we have had delightful evenings discussing the works and lives of various authors, among whom were Robert Louis Stevenson, and Canadian Poets. The officers were elected at the second meeting, and the constitution was drawn up and approved.

The officers were as follows—

Hon. President—MISS GILLARD

President—MARY-CLAIRE REA

Secretary—BABS YOUNG

Treasurer—NINA LEE FRANKLIN

Programme Committee: MARGARET DAVIS, JANE HOLTON, ANNA DAY TROUP, MARY MOLSON, MEG. AITKEN.

BABS YOUNG, *Matric A.*



Sport Shorts

Hockey—

Owing to a long fall season and an increase of enthusiasm as the term progressed, more hockey was played this year than last, and several more matches. The field reverberated with loud cheers "Come on, you dishpan damsels!" (Dom. Science), "Pick it up and throw it!"

1st and 2nd teams from each House were organized and a round robin played in which Rideau and MacDonald tied for first place.

The most popular game of the season was one between the Mistresses and Girls, which, against terrific opposition, the girls won.

Two other matches included Blonde's vs. Brunette's, won by the dark beauties (?); also Upper vs. Lower Corridor, won by the latter. "Mow 'em down, Dead End!" Inter-form matches rounded off the season.

Badminton—

This winter more badminton was played than ever before, there being about ninety enthusiasts.

Towards the beginning of the Easter term, the former Provincial and Dominion Doubles Champions, Dorothy and Lorna Mowat, of the Winter Club, Montreal, very kindly came out to King's Hall to give some exhibition games and to play with a few of our better "shots". In the first game Miss Keyzer and Lorna Mowat played against Miss Gurd and Dorothy Mowat. Then the sisters played an exhibition game of singles which was most exciting and instructive, the highlight of the game being Lorna's cross-court cut shots, "nice if you can do 'em!"

Then followed some games with the girls, which as well as showing us how badminton should be played (use your wrist, etc.), inspired us all to try to improve our game.

Singles and Doubles Tournaments were organized in each form, which proved to be more popular than the usual Open Tournament, there being almost 100% entry. Captains were elected who arranged the games:

Matriculation - E. Lyman
 VI-A - - - - M. Ambrose
 Arts - - - - J. Beckett
 VI-B - - - - S. Haas
 V-A - - - - A. Ewens.

Form Singles winners were as follows:

Matriculation - H. Kelley
 VI-A - - - - M. Ambrose
 Arts - - - - D. Schwartz
 VI-B - - - - F. Kelley
 V-A - - - - N. Boyd
 Midgets - - - M. Norman

Doubles winners were as follows:

Matriculation - B. Cole and H. Kelley
 VI-A - - - - J. Holt and M. Ambrose
 Arts - - - - J. Linton and D. Stevens
 VI-B - - - - E. Constantine and J. Denman
 V-A - - - - A. Ewens and V. Stannard
 Midgets - - - H. Davidson and N. Baldwin

School Champion Frances Kelley
 Jr. " " M. Norman

There is material for the makings of good players in the school, so carry on girls, we expect to see one of you win the Dominion!

Skiing—

The weather man was particularly kind to us this winter, providing us with many weeks of excellent skiing and all sorts of snow conditions.

Every afternoon the Farm Hill was crowded with gaily costumed skiers of all shapes and sizes, in all sorts of positions! " 'twere a sight to

behold!" Nevertheless they were all practicing hard to pass their tests, of which there will be three, "B", "A" and "Special".

Those who passed the "A" test were allowed to go off in groups of sixes to steeper hills farther afield, such as "Death's Valley".

At the top one could hear, "Sissy—come on down", then "Track!" and alas at the bottom "gosh" another trail ruined.

A very attractive ski chart helped to inspire us to pass our tests and Miss Gurd spent many afternoons a week giving lessons. Who will forget to bend their knees? and keep their left shoulder down? or was it the right?

For the 33 girls who passed their tests a special treat was provided, a day's skiing at North Hatley, with Miss Keyzer and Miss Brewer. Skiing conditions were excellent and everyone had a very happy time—a long to be remembered day.

We want to thank Miss Keyzer and Miss Brewer for their keen interest in our sports this year, and also Miss Gillard for permitting our treats.

Ach Tung! my friends until next winter.

Tennis—

Last fall the courts were occupied nights, Sundays and holidays, but this term, as I write this, the courts look like a lake at low tide—nevertheless summer must bloom sometime and then we will try to run off our Tournaments.

So much for Tennis!





OLD GIRLS



ALUMNAE

MONTREAL

Births:

To Dr. and Mrs. Rorke Robertson, a son, on April 27th, 1938.

To Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kilburn, a daughter, on November 7th, 1938.

Marriages:

Constance Mussell to Lieut. Hugh Wilson, on July 16th, 1938.

Mary Margaret Baillie to Mr. John Percy Taylor, on September 10th, 1938.

Anne Coghlin to Mr. Miller Hyde, on October 19th, 1938.

Molly McCuaig to Lieut. Seymour Stead.

Eleanor Lancaster to Mr. Donald Freem White on June 30th, 1938 (living in New York).

Mary L. Grant to Mr. C. Vickers on May 18th, 1939.

Engagements:

Margaret Virginia Sare to Mr. Charles Fraser Constine on March 27th.

Catherine Baptist to Mr. Donald Calvert Turner, on May 9th.

Deceased:

Mrs. H. Cecil Jones (Miss Rowe), cousin of the late Miss Laura Joll and formerly on the staff of King's Hall.

News:

Nonie Pirie and Stephanie Seagram of Kitchener and Waterloo, have spent the winter in Montreal studying Art.

Lorraine Cumming and Miriam Anne Holland are Provisional Members of the Junior League of Montreal.

Mary Turpin is a fashion copy writer for the T. Eaton Company.

Maxwell Hamilton is now residing in Montreal.

Mrs. Tom Moore (Ruth Glasco), is living in Denver, Colorado, and has one son.

Mrs. Trevor Lloyd (Joan Glasco), has a daughter, and she and her husband spent the winter in Boston, Mass., but are now back in Winnipeg.

Sir Fenton Aylmer (Rosalind Bell's husband), has succeeded to the second oldest Baronetcy in Ireland.

Mary Fisher, Sheila Birks, Mary Fowler and Roma Dodds were all recently presented at Court.

Molly Green is at present in London, studying Art.

Now visiting in Montreal:

Mrs. Graeme Taylor (Mary White).

Mrs. Gordon Napier (Frances Fisher).

Mrs. F. R. Hersey (Olga Wilkins).

Gilian Hessey-White is showing great promise among the younger members of the M.R.T. She gave an excellent performance in "The Importance of Being Earnest" and was particularly fine last year as "Elizabeth" in "Pride and Prejudice".

Mrs. Sidney A. Chick (Margaret Torrance), is Treasurer of the Y.W.C.A. and is Chairman of the Junior League Finance Committee.

The enclosed article, written by Sheila Brierley (Mrs. Horton Koessler), for the Junior League, has been given to us with her permission.

QUEBEC

Marriage:

Jo Oliver to Capt. John Bennett, on March 4th, 1938. They are living in Halifax.

Births:

Mr. and Mrs. J. Barnett (Betty Stephens), a daughter, November 20th, 1938.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Hyndman (Eleanor Bothwell) a son, April 10th, 1939.

Elizabeth Gibson and Alice Dunn spent the winter in Switzerland, where Elizabeth won the Ladies' Skiing Championship.

Mrs. Stuart Warrington (Mary Scott), took the Parker Course for Trained Attendant last autumn.

Sheila Price, spent the winter in Rye, N.J., with her sister.

HAMILTON

Marriage:

Dorothy Carswell to Mr. Fred. T. Suye, February 18th.

Birth:

Mrs. Harold Lazier (Miriam Bell), a son. Peter Franklin.

SHERBROOKE

Birth:

To Mrs. C. McIntyre (Edna Salls), a daughter, Margaret Ann, in Granby, September 17th, 1938.

Mrs. Weldon (Louise Mitchell), has returned from British Guiana, where she joined her husband and spent two months.

TORONTO

Marriage:

Sally Pepler to Mr. Ian Leslie Jennings, February 11th, 1939.

Births:

Mrs. J. R. McConnell (Winifred McKay), a daughter, November 5th, 1938.

Mrs. Bruce Ross (Nancy Reid), a son, June 26th, 1938.

News Items:

Audrey Henderson, who has been on the stage in London for the past few years, is returning to spend the summer in Hamilton and Muskoka with her parents, Col. and Mrs. Gordon Henderson.

Audrey played "Three Men on a Horse" during its run in England, and was stand-in for Ann Harding in her last picture.

Miss Bradshaw, a mistress at King's Hall from 1914-1918 and who has recently been teaching in South Africa, was in Toronto in March, the guest of Mrs. Grant Glassco (Willa Price), who entertained at luncheon the Hamilton and Toronto Old Girls who had been at Compton with Miss Bradshaw.

Mrs. Ian Jennings (Sally Pepler), has moved to Pionaga, a mining camp 130 miles northwest of Sudbury.

Mrs. Philip Sise (Margaret McConnell), who has been visiting Iuetta, India, has returned home.

Joy Thompson is studying dress designing.

Ann Wigle and Ann Nicholson are among this year's popular debutantes.

Mrs. Hugh Wardrope (Lois Greening), has moved to Ottawa.

THIS DUDE RANCH BUSINESS

The last dudes of the season left this morning for the East, and once more the ranch will settle down to its regular life.

We live in the Swan River Valley between the Mission and Kootenai ranges of the Rockies, about eighty miles, through dense pine and tamarack forests, from Missoula, Montana, the nearest city. It is from here that I have to get all the supplies, except dairy products and a few vegetables which I grow in my garden, so the house-keeping and meals have to be thought of and planned some time in advance if things are to run smoothly. The Stage comes out from town twice a week, bringing mail and supplies, and the stage-driver is most obliging about our shopping, even to buying face creams and clothes if we write our directions out carefully and leave the message in our mailbox.

It has been a busy but happy summer—each day crowded to capacity with entertainments for the dudes who stay from two to eight or nine weeks, and who come to enjoy themselves to the utmost and to make this ranch vacation a memorable one.

The season opened this year with a "ranchero", that is, four of the larger ranches in this part of the country got together and rode from one ranch to the other, each in turn providing some sort of entertainment. One ranch, near a lake, had water sports and then at night we sat on the beach singing cowboy songs and roasting "weenies" over a huge fire. And very lovely it was with the moon coming up over the water and the horses, picketed in groups for the night, silhouetted against the evening sky. At another we had a regular old-time dance with the wranglers and cowhands joining in, greatly to the thrill of the Eastern girls, who could hardly keep their eyes off them in their big stetson hats and jangling spurs and chaps. Our entertainment came last. We had a treasure hunt and a baseball game which developed into an all-day affair, ending only when darkness fell and no one could see to play any longer. It was a tired, happy band, rather saddle-sore but still enthusiastic, which waved good-bye at the gate, as

the members of other ranches wearily headed for home.

All summer long the ranch is sizzling with activity by eight in the morning, when we all meet in the main lounge for breakfast before a roaring fire. The early mornings are always cool so we help ourselves to whatever we fancy at the long breakfast table and then sit cross-legged near the fire, while plans are made for the day—fishing, riding and mountain hikes to the forest service stations and lookouts being the favorites.

After breakfast the meeting place is generally the big corral where everyone is soon struggling with a saddle, aided when necessary by the ever-patient wrangler, and hurrying off for a long, happy day on the trail.

Lunch is always a more or less casual meal out on the big screened porch overlooking the snow-capped Mission Mountains. Our crowd is generally diminished then as some of the dudes have climbed to Holland Lookout, eight thousand feet above sea-level, to visit the forest-ranger stationed there on the watch for fires, and some have taken their lunch and ridden off to mountain streams after cut-throat trout. After lunch the ones at the ranch usually pile into cars and drive a couple of miles to Holland Lake, whose cool, green waters are fed by a glacier high up in the Kootenais. On the lake we have a raft, canoe and motor-boat and there we spend long, lazy afternoons sunning ourselves and acquiring fine dark tans which will be the envy of the folks at home.

Dinner is always a gay meal, everyone talking at once of their own special adventures during the day, and as the sun goes down behind the mountains, the snow soft pink in the evening light, plans are made for the few hours left before drowsiness overcomes us all. More often than not the Navajo rugs are pulled aside and the newest dudes are shown the intricacies of the Schottische and Polka in preparation for the big event of the week, the Saturday night dance at the Seeley Lake trading-post, which is about twenty miles from the ranch. If it has been a long, weary day, we simply lie in front of the

fire, toasting marshmallows and popping corn, or the more energetic drive to Holland Lake for a midnight dip and a potato roast on the shore.

Three days ago was the big annual Helmville rodeo, about sixty miles away, and the last social event of the season for the dudes in this part of the country. We were busy training for weeks beforehand for the races, and the younger dudes were out from dawn to dusk on the big meadow, loping the horses around and trying to get them into good condition. Their efforts were not in vain as we won the relay race and my own horse, "Hornet," came in an easy first in the "Kids' Race."

A real country rodeo is a sight never to be forgotten. A hot sultry day—the big corral lined with gaily shirted people who have ridden in from miles and miles around, the Indians with their long black braids and expressionless faces standing out in sharp contrast to the excitable dudes, everyone waiting. A gun shot—tense silence, and the Wild West lives again! One moment the corral is empty, the next it is filled with a yelling mob of cowboys (who have come from all over this part of the West to compete). All afternoon bucking bronchos toss their riders, calves wail as the ropes settle around their necks, wild cow-milking contests are mixed up with horse races and steer riding. As the sun sinks behind the mountains the rodeo comes to an end and the little village of Helmville now has its turn to celebrate.

Music can be heard in the dance halls up and down the one street, and soon we are all swinging to the gay tunes of "Down by the Cane-brakes," the "Circle Two-steps" and Rye Waltzes. As only the Indians from the reservation at Arlee have won two victories, apart from our ranch, our dudes are in the forefront of the celebrations.

No one thinks of leaving until long after daylight and it is an exhausted but happy group that gathers round the ranch cars about seven in the morning.

Last night the coyotes howled around the ranch for hours—no doubt their farewell to the dudes who were up this morning with the birds, determined to prolong their last day on the place. The girls looked strange in dresses again, after being all summer long just in blue jeans and

checked shirts, their tanned faces wearing a "town expression" with lip-stick and powder once more in evidence.

The corral looks so lonely and deserted now where a few hours ago it was a milling mass, all the dudes saying *au revoir* to their favorite horses and posing on the bars of the corral for final snapshots of "the bunch".

Even our five dogs seem to feel that something is different. They half-heartedly played around me as I started this, but now they are lying disconsolately near my feet. We made a trip down through the pines an hour ago to all the deserted cabins; they seemed to have rather a smug look, I thought, as though, if they chose, they could tell some funny stories of the people they had sheltered for the summer.

Pretty soon those cabins will be alive once more, however, for as I write this, my husband is in the hills with a party of hunters after elk, goat and bear. They are due at the ranch the end of the week for just a night, more and more hunting parties taking their place for ten-day hunts until the season ends in November with the heavy snows.

It is into this hill country that we make periodical pack trips during the summer, as all the dudes like a few nights in the woods, and it is a simple matter then to toss a couple of bed-rolls on a pack horse and take them in to see the elk at close range.

The ranch in the winter is even lovelier than in summer. In spite of the distance from town the roads are more or less kept open to sleighs and we manage to keep in touch with the world outside. The days pass almost too quickly. It is great fun then to hitch up the horses and go visiting the ranches up and down the valley where visitors are always more than welcome, or to have our neighbours, the nearest of whom are about five miles away, come to spend a day with us.

After the hunting season, I let the wranglers and "help" go, and then my days are more than busy, as the ranch foreman and my husband are up as soon as it is light to do the chores and feed the cattle. (We keep several milk cows and have quite a large herd of purebred Herefords which we raise for sale as blood-stock.) In spite

of my struggles to get the big wood-stove going and the hot cakes made in the icy kitchen, I generally manage to start the men out with a cheerful replete feeling inside. This effort is worthwhile, as a hearty breakfast generally means a good start to a ranch day. Then I have the housework to attend to and the fires to build and all the hundred and one things a rancher's wife in this country has to attend to in winter.

When the temperature gets down to about zero, the deer and elk come down from the mountains and every day we catch glimpses of them around the barns, some of them getting quite tame and feeding with the cattle all winter long. For a long while I had a fawn, "Bambi", who used to stay right in the ranch, playing with the dogs by the hour.

When Holland Lake gets solidly frozen, we make quite an expedition of ice-cutting, and for days on end, we all, the dogs included, tramp back and forth with big flat sleighs weighed down with huge slabs of ice, which we pack in sawdust, in readiness for the hot days to come.

The daylight hours are never long enough and when the early evenings close in it is always with

regret that we leave the beautiful white outside. Wherever one looks are little tracks of animals never seen in summer—otter, mink and rabbits and off in the meadows and woods tracks of deer and bear and coyote. Nearly every winter night we hear the coyotes howling to the moon; some nights they and the dogs are at it all night long, and it is a wonderful feeling to be warm and safe in bed and hear them barking round the ranch.

Soon spring will come, however, and the fields for miles and miles are a carpet of wild-flowers and the woods thick with huge stiff plants of bear-grass.

Then the logs in all the guest-cabins must be rubbed with oil and everything put in readiness for the season. Soon letters commence to arrive in answer to ones we have written during the winter evenings, and before we know it we are off to town—the station-wagon washed and waiting happily at the station to be piled with luggage, and the summer dudes are with us once more.

SHEILA KOESSLER (Montreal),
Gordon Ranch,
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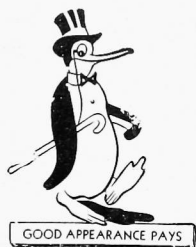
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